


CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

MARCH 1, 1982

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## THE CRUEL SEA



The oil rig's  
final hours

The sorrow  
and the anger

The disturbing  
aftermath





**Macleans**

Because the sea has many voices,  
we must from time to time reply



The tragedy hardly set a precedent. Some 241 lives have been lost in previous oil rig disasters. After each accident, well-meaning boards of inquiry have pinpointed the blame, earnestly imposing new safety codes. The inadequacy of those regulations has re-

The sinking of the *Ocean Ranger* is a tragedy beyond recall. The only fitting epitaph for the men who sank with her is to halt further exploration of the Hibernalia field until safety regulations become the deterrents to accidents they are meant to be.

Editor	
Felix C. Smeaton	
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**Reviews**  
 Oliver Robert Lewis *of* *Hardy's Art of Judgment*,  
 John D. Ho. *Very Acclaimed*  
 David Coleman *Walden's Poetics of Community*  
 Alberto de la Cruz *Images of Identity*  
 Antonio Gonzalez *Walden's Unfinished History*  
 Christopher J. Clark *Review*  
 New York: John D. Ho.  
*Images of Community: Henry's Community*  
 Librarian, Robert's Review  
 Gary Fisher *Journal of Ethics*  
 Peter Baker *Walden's Community*  
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## Generating sympathy for P.E.T.?

So Allan Fotheringham thinks that Margaret Trudeau's book, *Consequences*, will generate sympathy for the prime minister (Feb. 1). For me, Margaret is a constant reminder that the lion that chases her for a wife is the same one that is running this country.

—WILLIAM HUGHES  
Toronto

The political fallout from *Consequences* is an open question, but I fear a national surge of sympathy for wife-hunters. Whatever may be thought of P.E.T.'s prime-ministerhood, as a family man and a paragon of fortitude, he emerges from this book smiling very much like one of his own businessmen.

—LYNN BOCKER  
Fort Erie, Ont.

I do look forward to the day when I can open magazines and newspapers whose pages do not contain coverage of Margaret Trudeau's latest rubbish.

—MARY LOWERY  
Ottawa, Ont.

## A vituperative view of the clergy

Your review of Fred Schepson's film *The Devil's Playground* (Feb. 1) underlines a common misperception of both Catholicism and ordinary implying that Catholics involve some unexplained repression of ordinary sexuality or a denial of sexuality is similar to labeling an Olympic athlete a masochist. Rather than "attempting to understand the power," the director has treated out-

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The devil that chose her for a wife...

a vituperative view of the clergy as fanatically disciplinarian, sexually abused and unfulfilled men who have no better aim in life than to twist pubescent boys into images of themselves.

—RA POWER  
Brampton

## An expensive black box

The numerous capabilities of David McLevy's new computer synthesizer (Music Feb. 1) would seem immediately attractive as a film composer or other commercial musician with a deadline. However, the story raises a controversial point concerning the McLevy's use as an educational tool. To my knowledge, no computer music system on the market today has made complete use of the computer's enormous potential in teaching applications. Since the few accounts of the McLevy that I have read promise no details of its educational software, I fear those American universities that have placed orders for the McLevy may end up with a black box whose usefulness is outweighed by its rather hefty price tag.

—WILLIAM BUTLER  
Edmonton, Ont.

## Unrealistic solutions for Poland

George Ignaszoff suggests that U.S. President Reagan's policy regarding Poland is the best. Reagan is based on fantasy (Politics, Jan. 29). As an alternative to that policy, Mr. Ignaszoff asserts the West to "help Gen. Jaruzelski to his way." Unfortunately, since Ignaszoff specifically rejects socialism and other "forms of pressure," he leaves us in the dark as to how we might accomplish this admirable objective. He does advise the West to provide massive injections of economic aid to Gen. Jaruzelski now, at a time when the generals

clearly are keeping his word. Perhaps Ignaszoff's plan is to threaten the Polish leader with even more aid in the future if he continues to wish so in his promises. Finally, Ignaszoff asserts us that the "International Labor Organization" could be used to help uphold the rights of trade unions in Poland. He appears confident that this previously ineffective organization will suddenly become a potent force influencing the relationship between Solidarity and the Polish government. And he thinks Reagan is living in a fantasy world?

—ROSLAND KELLEY  
Halifax

Western money and supplies, given in goodwill but without conditions, were turned into military production and the Polish people's defender. How can we believe Jaruzelski, who had sworn many times not to use force against the workers? During 24 months of Solidarity's existence, the government fulfilled only two of 18 points of the August, 1980, agreement, changing the workers and carefully preparing the military takeover. President Reagan seems to know that the only way to deal with totalitarian systems is to give them hard and honest alternatives.

—ADAM SHEPPARD  
Toronto

## Good help is hard to find

In her *Pushover, Menstruators Are People Too* (Feb. 1), Mrs. Gotlieb is overemphasizing (shades of Maggie T.) if a woman's main goal in life is to care for the elderly, physical and emotional needs of an adult male and has offspring, she should not take offense when society at large regards her with benign neglect. So one in his right mind considers a housewife an inferior human being. Indeed, good help is always hard to find.

—JEANETTE MCGILLIC  
London, Ont.

First we had Margaret (Instant Gratification) Trudeau and now we are to be saddled with Sandra (Mother Earth) Gotlieb! Two perfect examples of that species Sandra so lovingly calls "appendages" arrived! Would we, the Canadian public, be subjected to their fixations if they were not "appended" to well-known public figures?

—VALENTINE WILLARD  
Montreal

Sandra and Nancy ought to get along like a house on fire.—CATHARINE ORRIN  
Toronto

Letters are edited and may be condensed.  
Readers should supply some address and telephone number of correspondence to *Maclean's*, 440 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5G 1A7.

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# Wagering for the big payoff

By Gary Ross

Casinos are coming to Canada. Blackjack, craps, roulette—the works. To avoid the corruption that can ensue, politicians ought to be laying the proper groundwork right now. Instead, they grow reluctant at the very idea and assure us there will be no casino gambling as long as they're in office. Don't believe a word of it. The present federal government is not at all that different from the one that amended the Criminal Code in 1989 to permit introduction of the Ontario Lottery. At the time, most Canadians' experience of gambling was limited to an occasional draw. Sweepstakes ticket. Today there are no many lotteries there's a monthly magazine to help consumers keep track of them all. In fiscal 1989-90, the Ontario Lottery Corporation alone had ticket sales of close to half a billion dollars. That's about



Why have we become so fond of laying a wager? Partly because we're so encouraged to do so at every turn—by our governments, by the banks (most of which sell lottery tickets), even by the Catholic Church (which runs the Pot of Gold lottery in Ontario). When our children want, our relatives are quickly denied. Quebec recently introduced Koko-Hockey, a variation on the old hockey pool, and this summer there will be the 6/48 where a new blockbuster lottery, run jointly by the provinces, with a prize that could run to millions of dollars.

In Ottawa, meanwhile, the same politicians who pocket casino gambling are slow to refuse laws that cover betting on the horses, of Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan had two, pheasant and star-truck betting would be here, said. Full-dressed betting shops are to be behind the feds are also eager to get back into the lottery business, which Joe Clark's government handed over to the provinces in 1979. The scheme proposed by Sports Minister Gerald Regan as a sports wagering pool. Bettors will have to predict the final score of a number of games—what, says Regan, makes it a game of skill rather than luck. The provinces, worried that the feds will not take their lottery take, argue that the pool is a de facto lottery and hence a violation of the 1979 agreement. That may, even pursue the matter in court. In the end, no doubt, there will be spoils enough for everyone.

And that's the only reason casino gambling is the one betting activity that hasn't been fully exploited in Canada. We don't yet have full-time casinos only, because our governments are relative newcomers to gambling as a form of voluntary taxation. Lotteries are a more efficient way of shaking change out of people's pockets, and the lotteries are still flourishing. When that market is saturated, however, the government's appetite for easy money will remain. And the saturation point may be close at hand. Jean-Beno Lafalite, president of Lotus Quebec, anticipates a revenue increase for his corporation of only 10 per cent in fiscal 1989-90 (revenue

30 per cent in each of the past two years). What of the future? Like most gambling experts, Lafalite believes casinos are inevitable.

After all, say the politicians. Casinos are morally responsible. Public opposition is widespread. There are too many negative ramifications. Casinos, they point out, bring crime, corruption and evoked lawsuits. What they don't point out is that we already have casinos. They come disguised as Martinis, Carlo nights, and they're always in the name of some worthy cause or other. There are businessmen in Calgary who play blackjack every day at lunch. In Denver City, Vesper, there's a casino called Diamond. South Ontario's third operators all summer long. In Ontario, the Swiss government has 1,400 casino tables in 1980, an increase of more than 50 per cent from 1970. The revenues go directly to charity (rather than to the government and then to charity, in the form of grants), as the government is able to derive the economic benefit while appearing morally above reproach.

Before long, however, money will run out over months, and the pressure will end. The licensing and taxing of gambling is a painful way for a government to generate substantial revenue. Mass and more American states are taking a serious look at casinos, and many nations south of the border will accelerate the process here. New York may be next to join New Jersey and Nevada in offering legalized gambling, which would probably pressure on the governments of Ontario and Quebec.

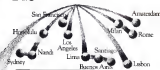
How long will they sit back and watch Canadian dollars being lost on American crap tables? Why don't we stop the show now? Casino gambling is already here. It will continue to grow, and should be strictly monitored by the government. The present casino nights are not only hypocritical, they lend themselves to mismanagement and creative accounting—the very abuses that opponents of casino gambling fear. Some of the people who operate casino nights are only one removed from the criminal underworld, and they have far more experience in circumventing statute and regulation than the government has in enforcing them.

Perhaps our casinos should be restricted to tourist centres in order to attract foreign dollars. Perhaps they should have a luxury atmosphere, with dress requirements and a stiff cover charge, to protect people who can't afford gambling losses. Perhaps local people should be banned altogether, as in some German and French states. Certainly, these issues should be settled now, while there's time for proper study and debate.

On Parliament Hill, like everywhere else, money talks. When the economy becomes sufficiently attractive, Canada, like most other countries in the Western World, will have its casinos—bet or it. Let's ensure that our casinos, once they do become big business, provide maximum social benefit at minimum social cost.

Gary Ross is senior editor at Saturday Night magazine and author of Always Tip The Dealer.

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# Land enmeshed in a web of corruption

By Peter Nisewander

**A**dhon Nicolaides, the Cyprus high commissioner based in New Delhi, and his wife have, at last, been able to move out of their modest, one-story rented residence which took them nearly two years to find. The problem was not a shortage of ambulatory-type accommodations. Nor was it the fragility of the budget earmarked by the Cyprus government. It was simply his country's post-black refusal to pay any of the rent on "black money."

The usual procedure in India is for landlords to insist on the signing of two leases: one for a modest sum that they declare to the tax authorities, the second for the real rent—the inflated figure they demand (and get) from foreigners. Because Nicolaides was under orders from his government to sign only one honest lease and to pay nothing in black money, landlords by the dozen turned him down. And these included cabinet ministers in Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's government.

In India, there's nothing unusual or surprising about corruption of this type, or the involvement of senior government officials. Some economic experts estimate that India's "black economy" in the year 1976-79 had grown to more than \$60 billion, nearly 50 per cent of the gross national product. Almost every week income tax officials raid the residences of Bombay film stars, businessmen, industrialists and these politicians who do not currently enjoy official protection, and carry away huge amounts of jewelry, unaccounted cash, illegal foreign exchange and suspicious records. Last year, income tax officers, dispatched from Delhi to the northern state of Kashmir, searched business premises in the state capital of Srinagar, in what were denounced as politically motivated raids. Tax officials who tried to seize documents were attacked by Farooqis, and the state administration refused to intervene. It was, and seems at Delhi airport when the postal inspectors returned, more than 100 of their 186-odd cars confiscated last year, and two were taken off the place in wheelchairs.



Impaired tax collectors returning from Srinagar tax raid, riding out on wheelchairs.

Recognizing that there is a limit to the number of raids, successful or otherwise, that income tax officials can undertake, the Indian government has also tried a different tactic—the Special Bearer Bonds scheme. In effect, it was an amnesty under which holders of black money could go to a bank and buy 10-year bearer bonds at a cost of \$1,400 each. There was no limit on the amount an individual could invest in this scheme. No questions would be asked



Disgraced Bombay retained high official.

about where or how he got the money. His investment would be free of wealth tax, income tax, capital gains tax and gift tax. The black money would instantly be converted into "white," and would earn interest. One senior Supreme Court lawyer unsuccessfully challenged the constitutional validity of this scheme on the grounds that the incentive could not be used "condemning" violations of the taxation laws, nor can it reward offenders and put a premium on branches of law. In the end it took nearly a year to raise a meagre \$15 million—a clear and discouraging sign that the black money market is still far more attractive than the legal alternative.

In the world's most numerous democracy, with its widespread, overtaken cynicism, corruption runs like a thread of gold through the intricate fabric of society. Grandiose bodies exist for the routing out of evil, yet only those lacking influence are made to suffer. The Central Vigilance Commission was established to investigate corruption, yet it complained to Parliament last fall that, in a number of cases, its recommendations were simply ignored, and the guilty let off. One case highlighted in its annual report was that of the special assistant to the minister of commerce, who, the commission found, had managed his position to obtain Fiat cars—for which there is a waiting list of several years—and had then sold them on the open market. He had also put up false expense accounts. The commission recommended that action be taken against the official, but found, to its surprise, that the matter was simply dropped.

India's most recent controversial corruption case involves pompous Gandhinagar Abdul Rahman Antaiya, chief minister of Maharashtra. Since the state in which Bombay is situated. In January, the Bombay High Court found him guilty of financial mismanagement and of securing his high office to collect millions of dollars in bribes for various private trusts that he had set up. The chief minister himself admitted, in evidence in evidence for "falsification" in

# The Crown Rests Its Case.





# "Gulf Canada's inventive designs for Arctic drilling can speed up oil self-sufficiency for Canada."

Dan Motyka  
Vice-President, Frontier, Gulf Canada Resources Inc.

For over a quarter century Gulf has been a leader in exploration for oil in the Canadian Arctic. It takes 5 months to drill a well in the Beaufort Sea - but drill ships can work only about 3 months each year before they must move to avoid the drifting polar ice. Gulf's team of scientists and engineers have devised a remarkable new drilling system that will dramatically lengthen the drilling season. Cost: \$674 million, Gulf Canada's largest-ever capital investment. Result: more efficient use of equipment and skilled personnel.

This breakthrough, along with other Gulf initiatives, is helping bring Canada closer to oil self-sufficiency.

"I think the Beaufort Sea will be one of the world's very important oil and gas producing areas," says one Gulf geologist.

On the advice of its earth scientists, Gulf began exploring in this area of the Arctic over twenty years ago.

Gulf has participated in the drilling of eleven wells beneath the waters of the Beaufort Sea. With several important oil and gas discoveries, we have begun to confirm what we believe to be the

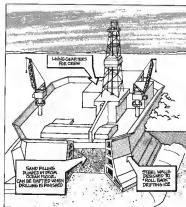
great potential of the region.

But there are many challenges. Howling gales, drifting ice of almost irresistible force, fog and blizzards make Beaufort Sea exploration among the most difficult in the world. Until now, the answer has been to dredge up an artificial island or escort drilling equipment on a ship which, when danger threatens, can pull up its thousands of feet of drill pipe and run to safety.

Because of ice and weather, it is

possible for a drillship to work in the Beaufort Sea for only about three months out of the year. The problem is, it takes about five months to drill and test a well. So, with drill ships it takes two summers to complete one well - a slow process.

Now Gulf engineers have developed and are building a portable island designed to operate in the harshest environment for as long as is necessary to drill a well. It will be floated from one drilling



Gulf's pioneering portable island will be towed into place and filled with sand and Lake water in the sea, it will fend off the crushing force of drifting polar ice, allowing longer drilling in a hostile environment. Scientists, engineers, geologists will be flown in for 3-month shifts, flown out for rest and recreation. This speed-up of drilling in the oil-rich Arctic can help bring the day nearer when Canada achieves oil self-sufficiency.

site to another, and, once in place will stand solidly against the forces of the environment.

The portable island is part of an Arctic drilling system developed by Gulf scientists, engineers and technicians. The system also includes a floating drill platform designed to work in water too deep for a portable island, plus two powerful ice breakers (18,600 h.p.), two supply vessels, an administration base at Tuktoyaktuk and a floating marine base at McKinley Bay. Total cost for the complete system - \$674 million, the largest single capital investment in Gulf Canada's history.

This inventive answer to a uniquely Canadian problem illustrates how Gulf experts work



Twenty years ago, who would have guessed oil and gas would be found in the Arctic Sea? Gulf Canada followed its scientists' educated hunches and participated in the drilling of several exploratory wells. Already, these successful wells promise additional supplies of oil which will bring Canada closer to oil self-sufficiency.

together as an effective team in exploring for and developing new oil finds in Canada.

## "Oil self-sufficiency is within Canada's grasp."

Over the past two decades, Gulf Canada together with other members of the industry have spent billions of dollars on exploration programs that have just begun to indicate significant discoveries, not only in the Beaufort Sea but in the Arctic Islands and off the coast of Newfoundland. Gulf Canada's massive, high risk investments can result in flows of oil and natural gas that will help bring Canada nearer to oil self-sufficiency.



Dan Motyka, Vice President, Frontier, Gulf Canada Resources Inc., was born in Pitts River, Manitoba, and graduated from the University of Manitoba with a B.Sc. degree in mechanical engineering. For recreation, Dan enjoys fishing and cross-country skiing.

For more technical information, diagrams and data on Gulf's new Arctic drilling system, write Mr. B. H. Fenner, Director - Public Affairs, Gulf Canada Limited, 230 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Ontario M5H 3B6.



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trusts that he controlled in his private capacity. Admittedly, Anthony "When rich people come to me, I point to them half a dozen trusts I have set up. I tell them I am working for the poor. I request them to contribute to the trusts." They responded so generously that Anthony is believed to have amassed a personal fortune of around \$140 million.

The Anthony affair is the biggest scandal Gandhi's government has had to face so far, and though he has reluctantly resigned, Gandhi defended tooth and nail a man who had undoubtedly exploited his office and his close association with her. Anthony was a good friend of Gandhi's during her dark days out of office, and he is reputed to have organized much-needed party funds from abroad, which helped her fight the last election. A few months ago, the prime minister said dispassionately that



Gandhi: 'Fourth-son of corruption'

the whole world was corrupt, and today every newspaper editorialist do not even rattle her. Connected to the Indian 22-year-old Mrs. Gandhi has said that her government stands for the highest standards in public life. "Chief ministers and other party leaders unashamedly show funds in the name of the prime minister or an some other pretext and playing hard to play with all sorts of wile-dens are certainly not setting the standards the prime minister spoke of," Ram Jethmalani, leader of the main opposition party, was more forthright. He called her "the fountainhead of corruption."

The prime minister, however, rides severely above the muck, secure for the moment in her two-thirds parliamentary majority. The Indian economy, meanwhile, sags under the weight of the corruption which, ministers concede, and a black economy that seems set to grow faster than the white one. □

## FOLLOW-UP

# Toughing it out in troubled Times

When Rupert Murdoch, the free-booting Australian press baron whose papers are shortly needed for scandal and sport, purchased the venerable Times and Sunday Times a year ago for £208 million, a slak of some sort was inevitable. Some feared that Murdoch would lower the tone of the press and temper with their editorial freedom. But others hoped that here at last was a proprietor tough enough to whip the notoriously intransigent newspaper unions into line and put the ailing "Thrasher" back in the black. So far, Murdoch's stewardship has been a shining one, but neither the cure nor the blessing that he has predicted. Although he has rolled journalistic feathers, he has not drastically compromised the principles of either paper. Some concessions have been won from the unions by hard bargaining, but heavy losses and overstaffing continue, and once again the flagging of British journalism is close to sinking.

A staff shakeup came hard on the heels of the purchase. Murdoch appointed former Reuters general manager Gerald Lenz, a thoroughly hard case, as managing director of Times Newspapers Ltd, a new editor took over The Times, the venerable Times flagship service was cut back, and 525 redundancies were announced. Twice, Murdoch faced down obstructive news with threats to close the papers. But not even Murdoch, with the massive financial backing of his £200-million News International empire (which includes the New York Post, the Village Voice and New York magazine in the United States, and The Sun and News of the World in England) could prevent losses of £26.8 million last year. When losses of \$2.6 million were forecast for 1982, Murdoch stated in a final display of brinkmanship: "Two weeks ago he fled down a shifting atomium while days the staff of 2,500 must agree on the loss of 600 more jobs, or else the papers, which are, said Murdoch, "literally bleeding to death," would close. And since then there would be no new proprietor willing to rescue him. Murdoch curtly as he boarded a Concorde flight to New York "The Times is not for sale."

The job cuts in a demand for full clarity in editorial departments, which former deputy editor Lenz Hurren says are "grossly overstaffed" (651 workers

compared with 250 on The Guardian and Observer combined). "Even the newspaper news stand is true," recalls Hurren. "I used to ask them if they were afraid of being mugged." Between 200 and 300 clerical workers are slated to go, around 25 journalists and the rest print workers. "Totally unacceptable," was the gut reaction of Owen O'Brien, head of the union responsible for the clerical staff. But he does not doubt Murdoch's intention to carry out his threat. As Hurren puts it, he is not remembered by the "unemotional respect for The Times" that plagued the previous owner, Ken Thomson, who had inherited the papers from his father.

Murphy on The Times and Sunday Times was low even before Murdoch dropped his bombshell. Under the financially ailing, disreputable Harold Evans, former editor of The Sunday Times, the Times has been bedeviled into a "state of servile rotter," as one staff writer describes it, with stories and headlines being changed several times a night, and earlier deadlines. Although some veteran correspondents have left, not everyone views the editorial changes gladly. The Times increased its readership by 17 per cent last year, though its Sunday circulation dropped considerably in six per cent in the same period. And several strikes and bad weather have further reduced sales. Evans, who, in contrast to his doomsday professor, Sir William Bristow, works in a cluttered office and rides a motorcycle to the office, is widely regarded as a newspaperman. His drive to popularize The Times with sharper news edges, more appeal to women and younger readers, more sports and less business might not arouse such hostility if it was not for the suspicion that he is "being ridder" (a phrase "I've given for Ken Thomson," he wanted a former staffer "He never interfered and he is no more.")

In the end the unions may rue the day they heeded Thomson out of Fleet Street. Murdoch's plan to save 26 to 28 per cent a month to make The Times pay. The last batch of redundancies, if achieved, will save only 18 per cent, so further cuts would likely follow. Without them, as one source (not Murdoch) who claims to know The Times as "a dead duck since about the turn of the century," will have the Thomson to pay for last. —CHUCK KIRK



# It doesn't take gas.

Down the road, you may be able to get into a car that runs along on electricity instead of gasoline.

Dozens of companies are currently refining designs for electric vehicles and testing them for performance and efficiency.

In 1980, Ontario Hydro began a program to assess the practicality of electric vehicles and hybrid ones using gasoline and electricity and their effect on Ontario's electricity supply should they come into popular use. This year, the program is being expanded on behalf of the Ministry of Energy to concentrate on the research, development and demonstration of parts and components.

Why all this activity? It's because there is a need to find a reasonable alternative to oil and gasoline as soon as possible.

In many ways, electric vehicles could prove ideal. They are quiet and clean. They don't waste energy because the power shuts off when they're not moving. And electric vehicles can be conveniently recharged at night when less electricity is being used for other purposes.

Research shows that most people's driving is done in urban-suburban trips within a 50 kilometre radius. So for deliveries, shopping, going to and from work and picking up the kids from school, the electric car could really fill the bill.

One of the realities of the electric car to date, is that it costs more and does less than gasoline vehicles. While performance figures vary, most electric cars today reach a top speed of 90 kilometres an hour. At lower speeds they travel about 70 kilometres before they need an 8 to 10-hour re-charge.

Acceleration abilities still need improvement too. Depending on the type of battery used, it can take up to 10 seconds to go from 0 to 30 kilometres an hour.

Both the problems and the promises of the electric car lie in the batteries that power them. Available battery banks weigh up to

600 kilograms and lose their efficiency in cold weather.

Electric vehicle maintenance is low and no tune-ups are needed. However, the batteries are expensive and must be replaced at a cost of about \$1,500 every 40,000 kilometres.

Despite present costs and technical difficulties, proponents of the electrical vehicle believe it will have an important role on the road in the future. One major automobile manufacturer plans to have electric vehicles in its model line-up for the mid-eighties.

As gasoline supplies become increasingly uncertain and prices continue to rise, driving electric may be our best form of private transportation at prices we can afford.

When and if that happens, most of us will be happy to queue him along electrically.

**We do more than make electricity.**



# The NDP's new Ontario champion

By Linda Diebel

One evening about five years ago, two casually dressed young men attempted to gain admission to one of Toronto's swank restaurants. The maître d' was prepared to relax the dress code for the first—a sweater and jeans he could handle—but as drew the line of what mine was. "I am sorry sir," he insisted in a baring young Robert Rae, who refused to acknowledge that there was anything objectionable about his plain leather jacket, steel-toed construction boots and orange Stetson-style cap. Toronto lawyer Kenny Wine, a longtime friend of Rae's and his dinner companion that evening, recalls that he wanted to return the maître d' to his folly. "You could be turning away the next premier of Ontario," he decided, instead to seek out a healthier victory.

To the despair of family and friends Rae is still partial to the homegrown look, but after three years in politics he has accepted the need to please. The morning after Rae swept to a first-ballot victory at the Ontario New Democratic Party leadership convention two weeks ago, The Toronto Star splashed a color photo of him wearing a classic dark-blue suit and a gold Pierre Cardin buckle on his belt. It was so successfully challenge 35 years of Tory rule in Ontario and convince voters that the NDP isn't just to steal their TV sets and taxpayer dollars, he knows he would be wise to shed the construction boots for waders.

Bob Rae has always thrived on challenges, in fact, he has yet to fail in any public endeavor. From the days he took his degree in political philosophy at Oxford's Balliol College on a Rhodes scholarship (where he enjoyed an early reputation as a witty, rhetorical, thinking was not encouraged, or even tolerated), to the arduous period two years ago in which he unsuccessfully campaigned in the federal election (his third exposure to voters in 14 months), crowned for his critics, married his first wife and fought the NDP's major

has rarely dinged. But now he faces the biggest political challenge of his 20 years. Not only must he rebuild a provincial party, debilitated by an one-sided four years under his predecessor, Michael Chaudy (andly termed the "interim" by former leader Stephen Leacock), his task is also pivotal to the NDP's national fortunes. With no seats in Quebec and a power base increasingly confined to the West, the NDP needs a solid Ontario footing to

more and more difficult to ascertain the truth in politics, but more rare to hear it spoken by people in public places," he wrote. Former U of T president Claude Binell described Rae as having "a quick mind, a talent for easy public discourse and, unlike his contemporaries, a lively sense of humor." Impervious to the Trudeauism that swept the country in 1968, Rae dubbed the new prime minister "John Stuart Mill in a mask." Though not yet a full-blown New Democrat, the campaigner for Liberal Charles Clark in Toronto-Davenport in 1980, Rae saw Trudeau's election victory as the triumph of "mediocrity over substance," and he condemned the emptiness of Trudeau Liberalism. Rae wrote in *The Paradox*: "We shall continue to tug and wring our way down the path to nowhere in particular, at a particular speed, for no particular reason."

Thirteen years later, he was criticizing from his own perspective. Last fall, as NDP finance critic (when party leader Ed Broadbent had rapidly propelled as an up-and-comer after his 1978 by-election win in Toronto's Broadview-Greenwood riding) he was on his feet in the Commons, blasting Finance Minister Allan Rock's budget. "Take

Red" budget. Condemning what he called fantasy promises, Rae reminded Peter Pan to severely consider delight as both sides of the House. "If we all get together and really believe that socialism will come down, that pain will be created however, if we don't see eyes and work over so fervently, then it will happen." Such quick wit has won him much admiration (although he once confided to his friend and fellow writer Ken Waddell that he regretted having made too many "smart-assed quips" in Ontario). Rae immortalized Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Borer as "Borer the bitch" and Industry Minister Herb Gray as "Amazing Gray"—once he was fired but now he's hired. In fact, the poster has been tagged with a few labels himself. Rae and peo-

ple close to him bristle at the "adversarial socialist" charge pinned on him by Tory leader Joe Clark. Still, there has been a charm around him since his *Athlete U of T* college and lifetime friend Graham Fraser, Quebec City business chief for the Montreal Gazette: "There's no question that he has some parts of one's childhood in London, Ontario, Washington and Geneva gives one a kind of sophistication and privilege as a child that only the very rich can have. But wealth has been as part of Bob's background." The globe-trotting was due to father Bob's service in the Canadian diplomat corps, and the rich intellectual household came from Rae and his wife, Les, who took to it as literary at Cambridge University. As parents, they didn't do badly. Jennifer, 38, is an Ottawa freelance writer who works for the Canadian Council on Children and Youth; John, 36, is a Power Corporation vice-president, and David, 34, works in New York with the Bank of Montreal's Latin American division.

Wherever the family happened to be posted, the Raes' sitting room resembled a page taken from a modern Canadian literary book, with frequent visits from such politicians as Lester Pearson and former finance minister Donald Fleming and diplomat George Ignatieff ("Bobly was one of the most intelligent young men I've ever known," he says) and Charles Maclean. As Rae's wife, Arlene Parly, a 40-year-old ex-Canada swimmer with an M.A. in drama from U of T, observes: "You can't go to any event of more than 20 people and not meet somebody who wants to regenerate about Bob's parents."

From his father, the son of an immigrant Scottish tailor and one part of a family vaudeville act called the "Little House of Senabois," came Rae's muted gifts (he plays both piano and guitar), his often lively sense of humor and his talent for mimicry. He also prefers to couch his most savage attacks in satire. During the Ontario New Democratic Party campaign he composed a song about the double killing of the medical professionals in the town of Melville. "Another heart, another hand/another liver, another gland/There is a reason they like your anatomy/They're making money," went one verse. On a more philosophical level, Rae says his father "gave me a sense about people, about never looking at problems in the abstract." Rae has little patience for woolly-headed socialists who "constantly quest for the absolute." He needs to grapple with everyday problems but he's not work first with new reality groups in London's impoverished North End and back in Chualar with the Union of Injured Workers and then the Stetsons. It made

him feel, he says simply, "useful." When the time came to enter politics, Rae took a calculated gamble on a traditional NDP seat in Toronto and won the by-election by a 600-vote margin. In the same manner, he carefully weighed the pros and cons of a bid for the Ontario leadership although it took concerted lobbying from party officials to persuade him to give up his Ottawa nest, especially since he and Arlene had just had their first child. A key factor was his own chance at the federal leadership, which, because he is from Ontario, is thought by party observers to be slim.

Says Waddell: "He felt that the next federal NDP leader should come from the West."

Without a seat in the Ontario Legislature (and a noticeable absence of charitable offers from Metro Toronto MP's), Rae's goal is to establish the NDP as the "credible party of government in Ontario." Unlike his predecessors, he talks about where, not if, the NDP will take power. A pragmatist when Ed Broadbent cruised with the party in general politics that made provincial, provincial reform. Rae is regarded skeptically by left wingers who fought for policy



Rae with wife Les and six-month-old David

as a credible national party. Rae is up against the Tory 70-seat majority and one of the oldest political machines in the country. As Stetson-wearing Governor David Patterson puts it, "No small responsibility."

Bob Rae first got hooked on politics at the University of Toronto, where he was a student activist. His name popped up frequently in the campus newspaper, *The Varsity*, sometimes as the subject, sometimes as the author, of numerous articles. Among the latter, a review of an anthology of George Orwell's works suggests the profound influence of that author on the 29-year-old Rae. "There has become the decade of the 'credibility gap,' of dishonesty. It has become

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He's attacking the budget in the House (left), with demonstrators at last month's demonstration in star game to Queen's Park

moderators forcing such issues as the nationalization of corporations—including banks—at the leadership convention. Instead, he takes a cautious line, favouring nationalization as a resource industry only. For the time being, at least, because to go further would "mean destroying a lot of jobs and security." He chose a safe issue when he moved in his victory speech to campaign against dunder's over-bidding. "We put the Dunder government in power today after health—the very gift of life itself—was not for sale in the province of Ontario," he said. He, as he told a caller on a Toronto open-line show recently, "very much in the centre of my own party."

Sitting in a rocking chair in the living room of an awkward brick house in Toronto's east end and with Anne and seven-month-old Judith, Rae appears little changed from his childhood pictures which show a bearded, blond Christy-like Boken of a boy with an adult-sized chin. He has matured into a short, boyish-looking adult with a jutting jaw and slightly gawky expression, somewhat at odds with composure made in the press to Robert Redford. Who says he has never understood his friends' attraction to women, calling him a "dumpy-looking guy with glasses, a wrinkled-out face and crumpled hair."

His appeal to his political opponents is, predictably, his winging. Progressive Conservative Sheelagh Stinson has snuffed at Rae's "wooly-tweeish" political survival and labelled him "a typically university-produced socialist, full of philosophy and theory. He has forgotten that he's out of the classroom, and when he tries to apply his knowledge to the cold, stark world he gets into trouble" (Rae, in turn, dubs Stinson the "Red Handed of capitalism").

Former Tory finance minister John Crosbie referred to him as a "socialist in striped pants and spats."

But there's no denying his powerful appeal to the media. Since his arrival on Parliament's doorstep, he's been the fair-haired boy, largely because of his ability and willingness to offer up a pithy quote in a hurry and his considerable political nous. Party energy critic Winkler says Rae once advised him "Don't keep going over and talking to [Federal Energy Minister Marc] Lévesque in the Commons. It's just not about." "What tells a more revealing story about his awareness of appearance?" "You might be phoned and asked me to read him a story about how in that day's Toronto Star because the papers hadn't arrived in Ottawa yet," he recalls. "So, I did. There he was and there was a picture with the star, and I tell him, 'yes' Then, he wants to know how to shed in order to survive the Queen's Park pep fit. After a leadership speech in which he described Terry-Land as an "Anglo-Saxon land" where black faces are not seen and French, Italian and Greek get spoken, the Tories gleefully jumped on him. Ontario Premier William Davis called the comments "the first mistake Mr. Rae has made," adding cynicism that "he really doesn't understand the province yet."



just like a little kid. He really wanted to know how big it was."

His perfectionism, what Rae terms "being too hard on myself," hasn't always worked to his advantage. After he returned to Toronto from London in 1974, Rae slipped into a depression, torn between a commitment to academic life and a desire to become more involved with the real world. For a year he talked with a psychoanalyst, until the boy named "John Brady" to succeed" at a high school in Geneva, learned to stop making unrealistic demands on himself.

Perhaps only in his tendency to be over-sensitive to criticism has Rae fallen short of his goal. For someone who has been so well treated by the press, he can be surprisingly thin-skinned. He still fumes about a reference to shyness in a laudatory profile by Jeffrey Simpson that appeared in *Saturday Night* last year. It's a sensitivity, he's going to have to shed in order to survive the Queen's Park pep fit. After a leadership speech in which he described Terry-Land as an "Anglo-Saxon land" where black faces are not seen and French, Italian and Greek get spoken, the Tories gleefully jumped on him. Ontario Premier William Davis called the comments "the first mistake Mr. Rae has made," adding cynicism that "he really doesn't understand the province yet."

Another master forecast of what could be in store for a young politician snowed-out of Ottawa's inner sparring was contained in a recent cartoon in *The Globe and Mail*. It shows Rae bopping along conspicuously, as Davis stands in wait for him around a corner, mistaking a man in a long coat who is obviously clumsy for the kid. And it says looks as if the animal is about to spring.

## THIS CANADA

# A corner for traffic cops

By Randolph Joyes

I was rash here and the present was black with rain on 19-year-old routine policeman Bob Shamoshin stood directing traffic at the corner of Prescott and Dundas West Streets, a well-known St. John's bottleneck. About 15 minutes into his shift, he recalls, "I stopped traffic in three directions and I was looking over my shoulder to see what was coming down Prescott." The next thing he knew, he was flying through the air and landing some 50 metres away. After a short blackout, he looked up and saw "a girl knocking over me." The evening Volkswagen that upset the young policeman and sent him to the hospital for stitches in the back of his head was parked and waiting for another car. One year, one week and two hours later, the girl, who had been driving the second car in line because Bob's wife "it was lost at first sight," recalls Judy Shamoshin, 14 years after the accident: "I went home and asked my dad if he knew any Shamoshins from Harbour Grace."

Meeting one's future wife is not an occupational hazard that Stan Wicks and Frank Miller, present guardians of Prescott and Dundas West, worry much about, since both are already married. But it is hard to ignore that 15-degree slope to which their backs are turned five days a week. "You feel nervous all the time," says Mr. Proulx, 37, who



Wicks: no light could/cope with the hit

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**Kleiser: Western Canada is very unhappy**

date, he said, because "we'd like to take them on directly."

Last week, Laughhead interpreted the vote as largely an anti-OTTawa protest. But a triumphant Kleiser proclaimed: "It's the beginning of a new era, and I think Mr. Laughhead will recognize that. The provincial government has said it was not for too long."

The first Canadian separatist ever to be elected outside of Quebec, Kleiser had been a reluctant candidate. He strongly disliked the notion of spending time away from his wife, Kay, and their five children. He is a former Mormon, and his campaign took on an evangelical quality, his message that the family is the foundation of society was a key theme throughout his campaign.

On economic and political issues, rather than on motherhood issues, Kleiser had to make changes that he was spending misinformation and that he was pandering to prejudice.

Ross and raised in Warner, Alta., Kleiser was never anything by the time he was 6. (He learned his victory to winning the home riding competition at the Calgary Stampede.) He moved to Weber State College in Ogden, Utah, for his bachelor of science degree. Now 36, Kleiser has a 300-acre spread near High River with 75 head of cattle, and he runs an oilfield consulting firm.

As the rally jangled into party headquarters in the main street of Okla, Kleiser, the instant celebrity, was accosted. "It's been super," he said. "They've come from B.C., Saskatchewan—all over!" One group, purporting to represent more than 1,000 people in Weyburn, Sask., wanted advice on how to become independent. But was all the rally were sympathetic. "Of course, Western Canada is very, very unhappy," said Kleiser. "We're talked in the news media and the remarks are very caustic. What do you think we're trying to do by breaking up the country? We're just trying to steal the oil shut stability."

And Kleiser had an answer for them: In his speech, usual tone, he told them he had considerable passion for the province's future existence. "But I also pointed out that it was time when we elected the government. It wasn't Western Canadians who elected the corrupt regime that sits in Ottawa today."

During his campaign, Kleiser predicted that if he won, Laughhead and Trudeau would convene an emergency meeting at 8 a.m. the next day. But when his victory came, Kleiser took an ever less charitable stand against the prime minister. "I would hope Pierre Trudeau would wake up and read the words," he gloated, "and, if you're lucky, he'd have a heart attack." ☐

## CANADA

### A shout of western protest

By Gordon Legge

Last week's astonishing victory by western separatist Gordon Kleiser in the rural Alberta by-election of Okla Township gave the movement a thrust of legitimacy few had thought possible. Not only that, it gripped the attention of the country and once again reminded easterners of the West's century-old grievances and of its often-impotent place within Confederation. Moreover, it demonstrated vividly the volatility of an electorate trapped in difficult times.

The victory was as much a protest against government—both federal and provincial—as it was a vote for a superior West. "Frankly, I underestimated the ability to send a strong protest to Trudeau and Laughhead," said Rod

Sylas, the leader of the Social Credit party, which had held the riding for nearly 40 years. "I underestimated it completely because I've always said you don't burn your house down just because you've got a couple of tenants you don't like. You wait until you can give them notice to go."

But the voters defied the suggest of predictions and served notice by giving Kleiser, representing the Western Canada Caucus, 6,055 votes, or 42 per cent of the turnout. It was a surprising win—3,343 more than his nearest challenger, Second Lloyd Quance. It was a sharp rebuke for Alberta Premier Peter Loughead, who now may wish he had not issued a New Year's challenge to the separatists. They should enter a resolu-



Canadian chiefs lobbying Westminster: the Lords will have their share on the issue

## THE CONSTITUTION

# An anticlimax under Big Ben

By Julia Langdon

**I**n the end, it was just another early night at Westminster. For all the political storms threatening Ottawa and London since Pierre Trudeau went on his coast-to-coast offensive two years ago, the latest stages of patriation went through the British House like a warm spring breeze. At 10 o'clock on the evening of Feb. 17, 534 British MPs agreed in principle to sign that Parliament's last legal authority over the Canadian constitution. Then they moved on to debate the damage in North Devon caused by the latter British winter.

The scene in the House of Commons had the quality of a flashback, usually attributed to drinking. Those who had had anything to do with the running fight took clear seats on the green-leather benches. There were backbenchers who sat on one or another aspect of the issue and made names for themselves in Canada after years of failing to achieve the same in Britain. On the front bench, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who once dismissed her presence mandatory for such a historic occasion, dozed and her fingers idly played. In the packed galleries above sat members of the House of Lords, who will have their share on the constitutional issue in the next week or so. And the Canadian delegation, headed by High Commissioner Jean Waddell and

Justice Minister Jean Chrétien, perched on the Outriggered Stingers Gallery. The only missing member of the Canadian political establishment in London was Quebec's agent-general, Gilles Lacombe.

For most politicians at Westminster, the Canadian constitution had lost its potential for fun when Trudeau and some of the provinces—Quebec excluded—came to their senses last November. From that point on, because of the time that the issue was not going to make a money-out of Thatcher's legislative program. It seemed that most members, except Thatcher's beleaguered quarterback in the House, Sir Francis Pym, were really rather disappointed. As a result, it was almost certain that the event would prove anticlimactic—whatever the quality of the speeches from a queue of top-notch speakers, headed by no fewer than seven prime ministers.

There was never any doubt that Thatcher would be able to whip the bill through several readings, regarded as a view of principle before the final committee stage. But the margin was still in question when the lead prime said, Sir Humphrey Allister, rose to commend the legislation to the House.

The confidence with which Allister

voiced off his weighty phrases was an obvious indication that he was speaking for posterity rather than trying to persuade real-time ears. "All we need we have admired Canada for what she is—a great, modern, independent country which has rightly taken her place among the leaders of the Western world," Allister intoned. "She is a shining example of freedom and democracy, and she has defended that freedom against every onslaught, both here and in the two worlds we so fought side by side."

For Thatcher, there must have been an enormous feeling of relief that the opposition was limited to only 45 MPs, and of those only three were from her Conservative Party. While preserving constitutional courtesies in public, Thatcher's government had become sick of the Canadian cause—and of the dangerous implications should Westminster have been forced to choose between Ottawa and the provinces.

Opposition, ultimately tame, staidly from denizens of the left and right fringes of the Labour and Conservative parties, and only three objections were specifically made, voiced by the Labour backbencher George Galloway, who had been a vocal critic of Trudeau for a "rabby compromise" that, trampled on Indian rights. In his strident speeches, others suggested there could be no patriation without Quebec's assent and that the legislation should be sent to a court separate court proceedings launched by Quebec and the Indians.

Inquisitive through most of the ses-



Chrétien telling

sion debate, Chrétien avoided a suggestion from the floor that Canada's policy toward its natives was on a par with South Africa's treatment of its blacks. "Canada is the only country in the world that gets the rights of aboriginal peoples in the constitution," he retorted later.

The most notable absentee from the historic occasion was mentioned often enough during the debate to make up for her absence. And she could not have entered the Commons, even had she wanted to, since they stopped suffering the presence of members several hundred years ago. Queen Elizabeth was kept informed of the debate, however, by a junior member of the government who reports to Buckingham Palace daily with a handwritten account of the proceedings. Nothing can be declared final until the Lords deal with the act, but the Queen is expected to be in Ottawa by mid-March to preside into law the new constitution and charter of rights.

British MPs have been subject to no more pressure on the constitution than on any other issue in recent memory—including abortion. The extent of the lobbying was evident in the debate, where it was suggested by one of the self-styled, self-appointed constitutional experts that all "interested" should be declared. This only led most speakers to state they had not visited Alberta or Quebec. But it did produce cockles when Francis Lauder, leader James Callaghan rose to comment that he had not been invited to Canada at all lately, but in view of the laudatory speech he was making, and as he passed meaningfully, Chrétien patted down a note on the best of intentions. Callaghan, not to happen, mentioned one of the other denizens to the debate. "If we refuse [to pass the bill], it would be an admirable affront to a nation of 24 million people with a democratically elected Parliament," he said. "If we didn't do it, Britain would be acting as foolishly as George III did at the time of the Boston Tea Party."

The Thatcher government had been prepared to let the debate done all night, if necessary. It was not. After the big guns had uttered their thoughts for posterity, MPs began to drift out of the chamber, leaving the debate to those with Canadian expertise. And there are quite a few of them now, although their names do not appear to include Denis Healey, Labour's deputy leader. He referred twice to his party's socialist sister in Canada as "the National Democratic Party." Everything, it seemed, was back to normal.

Chrétien apparently forgot that New Zealand, for one, has long been a constitutional question for its native (Maori population since 1977).



Showing the gallery's 98 per cent crumbling walls and deluges of contamination

# The art of money for art's sake

**E**ven the plague of bareness brought about to apply the announcement could not dispel the fog of suspicion that hung over Pierre Trudeau's promise last week of a new national art gallery. It was, after all, the third time in 30 years that a government was promising to give the 100-year-old National Gallery a custom-made home of its own.

In 1952 an architecture competition was declared only to be stopped two years later when the cabinet chose instead to convert an office building for the gallery's "temporary use." A second competition was begun in 1956—that one actually culminated in a winning design by the Parker Partnership of Toronto. Once again, the cabinet eschewed the cost and left the gallery in its unsavory 16-story quarters just off Ottawa's Confederation Square.

The mill now spent just to patch leaks, control the deluge of contamination from windows and repair crumbling walls represents one of the financial costs of that decision. The cramped space has kept all but four per cent of the gallery's holdings stored away from

public view, the frustrations of cultural patrons have left gallery staff demoralized.

What gave arts agency staffers reason to not mark the promise as the much-admired person of Jean Sutherland Boggs, who was named president of a new Crown corporation set up to build a new gallery as well as a new building for the National Museum of Man. Boggs was gallery director for 10 years before getting in 1976 to teach fine arts at Harvard University, since 1979 she has been director of the Philadelphia Museum of Art. She combines exquisite aesthetic instincts with savvy about the ups and downs of the Ottawa bureaucracy. Says Jan Trudel, director of Montreal's Musée des Beaux-Arts and former trustee at the gallery: "If anyone can pull the National Gallery out of the Dark Ages, she can."

Communications Minister François Poiré has committed \$250 million to building the gallery and museum over the next five years and loosely spoke of having the first cut in 18 months. Although Parker's drawings (for a site-

overlooking the Ottawa River beside the Supreme Court of Canada) are still around, Boggs says she has an open mind about both sites and designs. The Museum of Man, however, is destined for Hell.

Even if, on the third attempt, a gallery really does rise from the blueprints, through repairs will still be needed in its management structure. The latest auditor general's report criticizes the lack of accountability and cost control in the gallery and the government's three other museums. And the gallery itself has lumbered along for two years without a permanent director since Helen's 5th job. Boggs herself, however, says she is not sure she is the director. "In five years I'll be 45, and that's too old, I think." She is not the only one to grow old waiting for a new gallery.

—JOHN HAY

## ALBERTA

# The rage among Nightingales

If the public knew about the smug, proud looks that we nurses come up with in the last five years, they wouldn't believe it.—Joan Jenkins, an operating room nurse at Calgary General Hospital.

Joan Jenkins made her comments in the ramshackle strike headquarters of Local 1 of the United Nurses of Alberta (UNA). She is one of more than 7,000 nurses who walked off the job last week in Alberta during a dispute with the provincial Alberta Health Association (AHA) and its close to 47 member hospitals. The UNA has about 8,000 members but not all of them walked out. Although the publicity surrounding the strike has focused on wage demands, the nurses argue that the walkout was sparked primarily by unsatisfactory working conditions and health care—not only in Alberta but all across the country.

"The nurses' motto for years has been 'I've seen my share,'" says Joan Jenkins, who has worked as a nurse in Alberta for 15 years. "But we're not silent anymore," she adds with muffled anger. "It's leading to a crisis because no one's going into nursing anymore. Nursing schools are closing down. Who wants to work weekends, nights and evenings?"

The government tried to avert the strike in late December by appointing a seven-man Dispute Inquiry Board (DIB). The chairman, Erik Lefrand, proposed a compromise package that gave the nurses a 25-cent-per-hour wage increase during 1982 and most part wage leveling meeting their demands for more work-

ends off, more day work and having their shifts scheduled further ahead. The AHA accepted the report, saying it would cost no additional \$60 million to implement. But the nurses rejected it as repulsive. "I felt really degraded by the whole report," says Lynn Moore, a nurse at Calgary's Holy Cross Hospital. "We're no better than something to wipe his [Lefrand's] feet on. If I didn't acknowledge our competence, our skills, our expertise." The nurses say the recommendations provide little recognition for autonomy, little control over either shifts or overtime and little incentive to progress because of the small differential paid for years of experience or level of specialization.

The nurses' response that followed working hours come with the territory. But the days of selfish Florence Nightingales are long past. The job's complexity and the accompanying pressures have increased dramatically. After seven eight-hour shifts in a row, says Moore, "It's all you can do to keep from saying to your patient: 'Leave me alone. I don't want to talk to you.'" Still, she adds, "We like what we do. We want to stay in it. But the younger nurses are leaving because they're fed up with being their heads against the wall. If

we got the hours of work and recognition for seniority, we could live with the wages."

Meanwhile, hospitals across the province, angrier of all but the artificially and chemically ill strains under the load UNA nurses are working in intensive-care units and under emergency situations. Thus far, the government has adopted a hands-off attitude. Labor Minister Les Young says two factors will determine whether the government intervenes: public opinion and whether health care falls below a minimum acceptable level. The AHA, changing the nurses with using the patients as hostages says it will not negotiate beyond the last recommendations. And the nurses' union countercharges that the hospitals, chronically funded by the provincial government, are waiting for the cabinet to intervene. Says UNA Executive Director Simon Bessell: "Hopefully, when they come to the realization that there isn't a big brother that's going to come to their rescue, they'll be ready to meet with us." But there is a growing firestorm within the province that Big Brother will soon declare nursing an essential service—and has the nurses' right to strike forever.

—GORDON LEECH



Nurses picketing in Edmonton: the motto for years has been 'I've seen my share'.

# Keeping the secrets secret



For and McMurtry, concerned that this always-known support is chilling now.

Even when they spread freedom of information legislation, the federal Liberals seemed more enchanted with the notion than the practice. They trumpeted the bill as a triumph landmark during its July, 1980, debut in the House of Commons. Then they passively allowed it onto a parliamentary treadmill as a clear non-priority.

Two months ago, as a sudden burst of concern for provincial sensitivities, Communications Minister Pransky abruptly placed the legislation on committee pending so that he could ponder long-standing provincial complaints. The delay has plunged the bill into a legislative limbo, delighting the opposing provinces and thoroughly rattled the advocates of an open, more accessible government.

The bill was doomed to controversy from its inception, because it represented a painful compromise in the tug-of-war between the state's press bureaucracy and legitimate public-interest groups. The 45-page legislation would permit access to government information with such key exceptions as confidential business information, personal information and information that would impair national defence, inter-

national affairs, law enforcement, investigation or national economic interests. Throughout last year, the government slowly tilted in favor of the public's right to know. Prodded by opposition M.P.s, it was accused about 50 amendments, including some that opened access to more documents.

But the chorus of opposition protest was swelling. In a 20-page letter last June, Ontario Attorney General Roy McMurtry stated that the bill did not sufficiently protect provincial law enforcement information that has been shared with Ottawa. The minister was also badly opposed to provisions that allow the judiciary to review ministerial documents against the release of national security, defense, law enforcement and cabinet documents. Last November, Saskatchewan Attorney General Roy Romanow told Fox that all the provinces endorse McMurtry's stand. Since then, only the new Manitoba government has shown some tepid support for the legislation.

That strong provincial bias against the bill buttressed the continuing opposition of some key federal cabinet ministers and senior civil servants. Fox was apparently ordered to suspend commit-

tee hearings, and he obediently attended a series of meetings with attorneys general, and then with their deputies. Two weeks ago, the deputies suggested the consequences of passing out a uniform bill for all 11 governments. Then they returned home for several weeks of consultation, and Fox is now awaiting their final recommendations. This taskset or a salient committee must decide whether to proceed with the bill, water it down or kill it and struggle for a uniform document.

The federal delay has clearly heartened the opposing provinces. One Ontario official says that his government is convinced that Rex's always-lacking support for the bill is chilling and that Ottawa is going to drop it. The official also chides at the notion that 11 governments will ever manage to agree on a uniform code.

Ontario Provincial Secretary for Justice Norm Sterling agrees, however, that provincial opposition is not based on a self-serving desire to evade legislative voters. After a fast-track session to Washington last October, Sterling explained that the prime source of the United States Freedom of Information legislation are criminal elements and business groups raising their voice for information on their competitors. And although he advocates full freedom of information guidelines, he argues that the legislation is largely the province of special-interest groups that want the government to disclose almost everything. "The exact thing for me to do in terms of anything I or the government could get out of this publicity is to say 'no' to freedom of information," he says. "You really do get nothing but flak."

Meanwhile, the bill's advocates have been meeting Conservative justice critic Ray Heintzky's charges that the Liberals are backing away from the bill because "the longer any government is in power, the less enthusiasm they have for this kind of initiative." New Democratic Party justice critic Fred Robinson says bluntly that "stalling is letting it go. Fox knows it, the provinces will effectively be hammering the last nail into the coffin of freedom of information."

One senior federal cabinet minister—a strong advocate of the bill—insists that the party's goal and the will be furious if the government shames its commitment to more open government. He also admits, however, that the bill is simply not a priority and that he has not had time to concentrate on the issue. That situation means that the government is likely to become the prime obstacle to use with its bureaucratic skeletons and the rare opportunity to please the provinces. The betting now is that Ottawa will grab the easy way out.

—MARY JANSSEN





Relief services in St. John's: the old building reconstructed to the scale of the ship that is Newfoundland's old St. John's

COVER

## THE CRUEL SEA

By Randolph Jayce

Gordon Windsor could not sleep, the waves were pounding too hard. Though the 38-year-old derrickman waited to rest up for his shift, starting in five hours, in the end he got up and walked around. It was St. Valentine's Day. About 7 p.m., Newfoundland Standard Time, a giant wave swelled the 3800-ton offshore oil drilling rig and, inside Windsor, "the rig jolted two or three times." Resona in the rig's crew were rider bugs roared the wave at 78 feet. From the main deck to the ocean is some 70 feet. "After that, they brought the rig five or 10 feet out of the water," says Windsor. "Then the 3800 rig kept off—it stopped drifting and damaged its pipe. Thirteen nuclear miles away, the Zepeda Upland rig followed suit."

So, it is thought, did the Ocean Ranger, some miles from the 786. As waves of wind shook stoutly lashed on the shattered east end of St. John's, 175 nautical miles to the east, a deadly storm released its strength and struck. The lowest deck hands on the Zepeda and the 3800 were pleased to hear of their rigs' reputation of being tightly run, but a year and a half of continued operation had not dispelled the Ocean Ranger reputation as the Jonah of the Atlantic offshores. Workers coming off

the other rigs would jokingly suggest their rig pilots stop off at the Ranger to "pick up a casualty."

Gordon Windsor's brothers, Stephen, 18, and Robert, 23, were on the Ranger. Even though Stephen had his head wrapped in the Ranger last summer, he had returned to the rig—where also could an 18-year-old make 30-odd thousand dollars a year? The Ranger had another pair of brothers, Howard and Robert LeDrew of Miramichi, in Ontario, Newfoundland, who, had they not signed aboard the Ranger, might perhaps have faced a future of logging or working on the wharf—but a future nevertheless. As the Ranger's shifts changed at midnight, 58 other Newfoundlanders, 14 mainland Canadians, 14 Americans, one Briton and one whose identity was withheld entered the last, short day of their lives.

The two-night shift staff would have been coming off the main deck and heading down a flight of stairs to the messroom and showers—and there on to the mess. Some may have had time to freshen up. Shortly after 3 a.m. on Monday, Feb. 25, a man—perhaps floating in, drifting with snow from the deck, perhaps sealing the stairs from below—entered the Telco room and typed out: "We see the 03800 Ocean Ranger KTRR location 46-45-32 N 54-50-13 W and are experiencing a severe lot of about 30 to 35 degrees and we are

in the middle of a severe storm at the time 12 degrees and progressing, rapid southeast AMF. We are offshore drilling platform. Winds at this time are appreciable from the west at approximately 35 knots. Rig is of the semi-submersible type and is listing severely 12 to 15 degrees to the port side."

At the U.S. Coast Guard Rescue Coordination Center on Governor's Island, off the southern tip of Manhattan, Lt. J. E. Frost went to his clattering machine. It was 119,037 in two minutes. Frost had sent the message on to the Canadian Rescue Coordination Centre (RCC) in Halifax. At 128, someone in the St. John's office of Mobil Oil, which had leased the rig, phoned Halifax—the Ranger's crew was preparing to evacuate—and the RCC alerted the 103 Search-and-Rescue squadron in Gander. Mobil had heard from the Ranger at 135 a.m., but at 230 a small Canadian Coast Guard station at Carverville, Labrador, picked up a weak repeated Mayday distress call—difficult to pinpoint, but probably from the Ranger. On the 3800 706, Gordon Windsor stared at a black radar screen that should have shown the Ranger. He was losing two beaches. Somebody found him some red cross.

What happened next is not entirely clear. According to Mobil's East Coast manager, Steve Samanakis, the service and supply ship Seaforth Highlander

should have been on the scene by then. The problem, in the darkness and the gale, was finding the rig's position. By 330 three boats were on the scene, but, said Samanakis, "they could not see anything on the radar screen—there was a thought that one boat might have seen the Ranger's lights—we don't know if he'd actually seen the Ranger or some life jackets with the little lights on them that are put in for survival."

It was no night for flying, but Mobil managed to launch its two powerful Sikorsky helicopters by 3 a.m., even though the gale had killed the engines and their tractors since the storm. By 430 they were flying low over the waves where the Ranger had been, but there was no rig. One helicopter picked up Gordon Windsor on the 3800 706 and brought him back to the city. By that time the first of the smaller aerial forest helicopters had left Gander, and by 14 a.m. three Helicon and several bodies had been spotted in the tremendous waves. One Labrador helicopter crashed. Master Cpl. Randy Brown on a 24-foot chopper over one body, but the body was washed away in the storm before he could grab it. The protest hung in every radio message, but by 3 p.m. the coast guard reported no sign of life except the seagulls.

Meanwhile, 100 miles to the east, the Soviet container ship *Volzhskan* Thruway had developed a 30-degree list, and at 530 p.m. its Montreal ship agent telephoned Halifax for help. Just before 630 the crew apparently changed their minds. Then, shortly after 11 p.m. the agents said the ship was listing 35 degrees and taking water half an hour later also was going down. A Danish vessel whose crew members and earlier boat refused was now an hour and a half away. The Danish ship radiated "18 calls on board, four or five a.m."

Brown began that the Thompson had been spending to the Ocean Ranger's rescue when she foundered. But the Halifax rescue center asked New York for a computerized alert of



Ocean Ranger being lifted: new part of the furniture

any merchant ships in the Ocean Ranger area, and, although one was radioed reported within 100 miles of the rig's position, Search and Rescue now believes that all of the wreckers have in common is MacKay's stove.

In Newfoundland, disbelief—that the world's largest drilling rig, now part of Newfoundland's furniture, could be gone—merged into surprise. Being to the ground level of opinion in the province, Mobil announced it would immediately pull on the 3800 and the Zepeda for an exhaustive examination. Yet such measures could not solve Newfoundland's pre-rig, anger and wonderment, and by Thursday the repressed, impatient frustration in St. John's was almost palpable. Catholics were in anger, and 1,000 people who attended Friday's memorial service in the town's major St. Rose of Loretto

basilica, together with more thousands watching the service on television, could hardly begin to exorcise their grief.

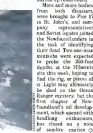
They received their enclaves, not to mention a civil case of political redress from the piglet. With Premier Brian Peckford and Energy Minister William Marshall, captive in the front row, St. John's Bishop Gerald Callaghan, Archbishop A. L. Penney called on Ottawa and Newfoundland "to rethink the profitability of a joint inquiry into this terrible accident."

Even before the official admission, the Windsor knew when Gordon came home that Richard and Stephen had made their last trip to the rig. Gordon had a black leather, 25-year-old finger, who alternated with Gordon on the 306, may also have made their last trip. They don't know. Said Howard Windsor, Gordon's father: "When Gord got picked up, he knew them that the rig was gone. And still and all, we came in here and we were listening to it at 10 in the morning, and it was shocking that the rig was still there, and still there."

The Windsons, John LeDrew of Miramichi, who also was a son, and hundreds of other loved ones and friends of the 141 dead will long remain sad and bewildered. Moreover, conflicting media reports, Mobil's tight-lipped public relations efforts over the early hours of the tragedy, and the government's (03800's) local representatives' lame

stirred up resentment.

More and more bodies, from both disasters, were brought to Port of St. John's, and company representatives and Soviet agents joined the Newfoundlanders in the task of identifying their dead. Two sea-suitcase men were expected to probe the 250-foot depths at the 118 meters this week, hoping to find the rig, or prove it. It might say already be dead on the Ocean Ranger mystery, but this first chapter of Newfoundland's oil development, which opened with headlong enthusiasm, has closed on a note of severe caution. □



# An aftermath of sorrow and anger

By Michael Chugston

From a hilltop over the city the Roman Catholic Bishops of St. John's have squinted out through the peaked, hunched eaves, as if it were a habitude over the cold Atlantic beyond. Its twin spires are landmarks that have borne the last farewell for generations of seamen who did not return from their fishing, sealing or whaling as upon the coast.

Rising from the narrow streets into the blue sky, three old grey spires were never more poignant metaphors than they were last week when once again Newfoundland's men came at such times. "Oh, here as when we try to rise, far all in peril on the sea." Then the shop girls, the rumpled deck workers, matrons from the rich neighborhoods, businessmen and officials moved slowly back into the sunbath. Several miles below the church, moored to the wharf, the ship *Hudson* bore the bodies of some of the men who had drowned or drifted to death at stark, lonely moments of terror, panic and bewilderment: the depths of which can only be guessed at—a few short days before.

Though the memories of *Hermesment* have worn familiar in Newfoundland, the *Ocean Ranger* disaster has left a taste of grief with a sharp tang of anger and bitterness. After initial reactions, water government and industry representatives refused to make any public statements, but the daily press, radio and television quickly forced former workers from the rig who could talk. Under such headlines as *BATTERY WAS RECHARGED* and *NO SURVIVOR HAVE VALID CERTIFICATE*, the public debate in town, here and wherever people met was steered through grief and toward reconciliation.

Launched in a deepening sea of public frustration were the governmental in-

vestigations—by the provinces, the federal government and the U.S. Coast Guard—that have extremely weighty agendas. There is much they must try to find out. Why did the enormous rig go down in the sort of storm it was built to survive with little more effort than a sequence to the pool players in the recreation room? Did the men have enough emergency training and equipment to have a chance of escaping safely and

such men, if the boats can be launched at all.

After the sinking, the initial surprise among experts was reinforcement of the shock that followed the sinking of the *Titanic*. So great was the apparent faith in the rig's ability to ride out the monstrous seas that a rig superintendent said confidently that the vessel could never sink.

Thoughts about the sinking ran to the possibility of aerial salvage and the breaking off of a part, which might cause disastrous flooding. Since the rig is not now visible from the air, ran the argument, it must have broken up, because even on its side the massive structure would have poked through the surface of its 260-foot depth.

A reporter in New Orleans, headquarters of Ocean Drilling & Exploration Company (ODECO), which designed and built the rig, speculated that it may have been damaged by the Soviet freighter *Makbark* *Tanison*, which sank the next morning, with 28 men. But reporters at a news conference held by Mobil Oil ruled off the sinking could possibly be connected to a mishap that had occurred Feb. 6, when a control room operator suddenly over-weighted one side of the rig, by improperly distributing liquid ballast, tilting the rig badly by some 10 or 15 degrees. The vessel was righted before the blowdown ship order was given. But in

the quickly news conference, an exasperated and embittered Steve Remondy, East Coast representative for Mobil, said there was no connection between the two events, since the first had been simply a short-lived human error. The next question from the floor—how could Remondy rule that out when he had just said he didn't know what happened to the rig—immediately became one of the week's main imponderables.

No structural weaknesses have been revealed concerning the *Ocean Ranger*, but Remondy has learned that another



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zippered pocket!





Ocean Ranger crew relaxing on board a few days before the tragedy. Night search submarine. Far off in port on the sea



of the Ocean Ranger: a sister ship in the GecoRigo series called the Dyn Delta, now drilling in the North Sea, will have to have two additional platforms attached during its next refit. Norwegian authorities seriously pressed concern about its stability. Other doubts were raised about the ability of the Ranger's three lifeboats to survive high seas—or even get launched at all. “Launching lifeboats from any vessel in 80-knot winds and 56-foot seas is not to be undertaken. There really is no technology to do it safely,” says Louis. Peter Russell, spokesman for the U.S. Coast Guard in Boston.

Still, GecoRigo has no intention of withdrawing any of its 16 semi-hullable rigs around the world for unscheduled inspections, despite the fact that last week Mobil ordered its two rigs remaining off Newfoundland into port. “I would have had no hesitation of putting my entire family on that rig anywhere in the world for an extended period of time,” said a GecoRigo A/S spokesman. The GecoRigo spokesman at company headquarters in New Orleans. GecoRigo’s view is that the sinking—however it occurred—was a freak, an anomaly that does not indict the technology.

The Newfoundland government of Premier Brian Peckford is holding Mobil responsible for the disaster. Whenever the ultimate blame may come to rest, as former workers on the rig came forward with accounts of negligence and shoddy training during the rig they called the “Geeva Dangee,” it at least seemed at first the men on it might not have had the best chance of getting away from the vessel safely.

“What surprised me was that something wasn’t right when we had that no-lift alarm, and there were guys yelling around who didn’t know what to do,” said Robert St. Aubin three days after the disaster. An ice and weather observer on the Ranger, St. Aubin watched in dismay during the Feb. 6

night. “Too many men appeared at one lifeboat station, there were too few life jackets to go around, and a lifeboat motor would not start. A former routine boat on the rig also reported that shortly before the accident, he noticed the lifeboat umbrellas were too crowded to work. [If a lifeboat] motor is not running when the boat hits the water, it may be smashed into the rig by the waves if the men are not strapped into their places, the correct ‘half-ripping’ lifeboats will not right themselves.”

Some GecoRigo employees—many of whom would not be identified in print for fear of losing their jobs—called GecoRigo’s safety training program “deplorably inadequate.” GecoRigo has safety officers on each rig, and they are supposed to show films on board, demonstrate the use of fire extinguishers and other equipment, and organize emergency drills. But lifeboat drills, according to one man who had worked on the rig for six months, were worthless.

Search ship in St. John’s, where rescuers



since everyone on board knew it would be held at 1 p.m. on Sunday. The crew seldom got into the lifeboats, closed the hatch or even attempted to start up the motor.

GecoRigo’s Spindler said the company pioneered safety work on oil rigs in 1979 by having safety men, a program that cost more than \$2 million (U.S.) last year in salaries and training alone. But his aide says, in the light of the disaster, his company could very well consider adopting such Norwegian standards, which demand three weeks of marine emergency training for each person on board. The Zapata Offshore, a ship that is off Newfoundland and chartered by Mobil, has adopted these standards.

Some of the harshest words of the week came when the rig’s American former captain, Karl Nehring, charged that the Ranger ignored a U.S. Coast Guard inspection that had found 200 faults on the Ranger. “Ship papers,” reports Spindler, who says Nehring quit the company in “disagreement” circumstances. GecoRigo reportedly refused Nehring’s request to finance his private oil exploration venture in Central America. And rather than 200 faults, Spindler allowed that, by his standards, a mere 120 had been found during an unofficial examination of the rig that the Ranger had invited in preparation for a formal coast guard inspection. As for Nehring’s claim that the Newfoundland-licensing equipment of the provincial government had forced him to replace a top American central control room crew with men from the island, Spindler points out that there was one Newfoundland central control room operator and one experienced American on the rig when it sank.

The clang of controversy can only add to the grief of Newfoundlanders that it is not the first time families have had to pay for the growing pains of rapid oil development. The worst offshore drilling disaster resides the opposing

off Norway of the U.S.-owned Alexander L. Kielland, with the loss of 123 lives in March 1980.

The Kielland, a sort of stripped-down Holiday Inn for off-duty oil workers from neighboring rigs, tumbled turtle after one of its five legs collapsed in the storm-torn Norwegian sector of the North Sea offshore. A subsequent investigation uncovered damning evidence of poor rig design, construction and safety procedures. The Norwegians moved quickly to shore up safety and inspection. The most significant result was the recent requirement that Norwegian-sector rigs must be modified to withstand both the heat of a supporting well and a list of 35 degrees without toppling over. The Ocean Ranger was abandoned after it had developed a list of 35 degrees.

As negotiations slow around St. John’s last week, it became clear that a troubled government had not come to terms with Canada’s tiny sea offshore oil industry. “It entails very realignment of the kind of total choice that prevailed in the North Sea when it first started,” says W.G. Cassin, British oil industry analyst and author of the book *The Other Price of Britain’s Oil*. The jurisdictional squabble between Ottawa and Newfoundland, which has both federal and provincial oil rig inspection regulating the platform, is aggravated by the controversy over which government owns the revenues from the seabed off Newfoundland.

Even more confusing for many Canadians was the proposition that responsibility for safety inspections of rigs with largely Canadian crews rests with American authorities. If Canada declared the rigs to be installations attached to the Grand Banks by anchors, Canada could enforce safety rules. But in practice, rigs are universally viewed as ships, and safety checks done by their country of origin are internationally accepted. Canadian-issued rigs currently in Spanish waters, for example, are inspected by Canadian officials.

In the case of the Ocean Ranger, U.S. safety regulations appear to be alarmingly stringent. The American Bureau of Shipping (ABS) demands an annual recall and machine safety test and a dry-dock structural inspection every five years. The U.S. Coast Guard throws in another structural and safety check every two years. It was this last inspection that was two months overdue when the Ocean Ranger sank.

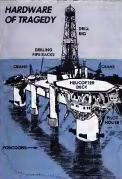
Until solvable rules from the

supply ship Bolder Cabot view the wreckage, however, no one will know what caused the Ocean Ranger to founder. Most experts say it should have been able to ride out last week’s storm, which was not considered startlingly severe. Even though westerly winds made the waves unusually steep and may have churned up an occasional monstrous wave more than 90 feet high, Hibernia is generally considered to have waves 40-per-cent smaller than the Norwegian Ekofisk drilling area in the North Sea. “The weather just shouldn’t have been a problem,” says Tommy Skjeldal, director of training for the Southwestern Drilling Company (SDCO) of Dallas, third-largest rig op-

erations supporting the area’s estimated 1.6 billion barrels of oil. It had been hoped that government rules could have been approved by the end of 1983 and production begun by 1987, with the creation of 20,000 jobs.

It is those hurry-up pressures that critics charge contribute to tragedies such as those at Ekofisk. “The problem is that you get a combination of political and economic pressures that lead the authorities to give priority to getting the oil out of the ground,” says Cassin. “Safety is shoved into second place.”

Port’s part, industry argues that it is unfair to generalize on the basis of one tragedy. “There are structures that are built and perform well without knowing everything there is to be known about them,” says Prof. Barry Victoria of the University of Western Ontario, who tests the effect of wind on oil rigs. “That’s not to say we should remain still while science marches ahead to provide all the answers.”



erations after Bolder. Peckford Drilling Company and GecoRigo. As for structural problems, any claim that that turned up in inspections have been sealed up by the U.S. Coast Guard and are pending their own inquiry.

What is clear is that Premier Peckford has backed his province’s offshore star to offshore riches and that pressure on the oil industry to perform will not slacken. Federal Finance Minister Allan Rockland has estimated that 1982 will see \$600 million in capital spending. East Coast offshore expansion, up from \$200 million in 1980 (British estimates of capital investment in North Sea oil range \$47 billion).

The sinking of the Ranger and the deaths of 115 men on the Mobil Hibernia rigs jeopardize plans to begin

If a series of setbacks grow stronger through Newfoundland’s longest week of the year, it went beyond questions of remote jurisdictions, certificates, responsibilities and technologies in the Basins of St. John’s, Archbishop A.L. Perry addressed the assembly. “What makes this tragedy so bemoaning?” he asked. “This disaster has its own special dimension because it is associated with a venture which was brought with promise.” If oil brings an unfamiliar prosperity to the island, its price is a familiar sorrow, comparable to an old, familiar besediment: “May the Almighty God grant peace to all those who are suffering.”

With Thomas MacLellan and John from Coral Braemar, David Feltner, John May, and Robert Dyer, Don Muller and Jane O'Brien.

AP/WIDEWORLD



Nkomo with Matabeland supporters: was he joining a coup, or was he plotted against, in Mugabe's drive for a one-party state?

## WORLD

# An uneasy alliance splits

**I**t was a moment that Prime Minister Robert Mugabe clearly relished. In a tone of quiet triumph, he announced to a packed Salisbury news conference last week that coalition partner Joshua Nkomo and two other members of the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU) party had been sacked from the cabinet. They had been "caught red-handed," he declared, plotting to overthrow the government. The evidence: massive caches of arms discovered in trucks by government troops on ZAPU-owned farms.

But if Mugabe was pleased to be rid of Nkomo after 18 uneasy months together, his apparent ally was not shared by the majority of Zimbabweans. Fear was widespread that the final rupture of the uneasy alliance between the rival groups, formed originally to overthrow Ian Smith's white minority government, would lead to open warfare between them. Scarcely less alarming for Mugabe's political opponents were signs that the ouster was part of the ruling Zimbabwe African National

Union (ZANU) party's avowed long-term goal: creation of a one-party state.

The twin threat was uppermost in the mind of British Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington—mastermind of the 1979 Lancaster House agreement on black majority rule—on his arrival in Salisbury this week for urgent talks with Mugabe and Nkomo. The most immediate worry was that Nkomo's former enemies, many of whom have been segregated into the Bulawayo area, would revolt on a scale surpassing their 1965 rampage near the city of Rhodesia last year. That uprising, sparked by Nkomo's denunciation from exile without portfolio, cost a total of 150 lives. Last week's developments were far more unsettling, and in their wake Nkomo did nothing to allay fears of rebellion. Meeting with reporters in Salisbury, he dismissed Mugabe's charges as a pack of lies and warned: "One hopes there is no strife. But it is still too early to believe that it can be avoided."

**Mugabe: ousting the 'cobras in the house' and his men**



There seemed little doubt that Mugabe's move would heighten long-considering tensions between his African followers and Nkomo's minority Ndebele tribes. The day after Mugabe's announcement, 8,000 jubilant ZANU loyalists converged on his Salisbury office that an Saturday there was a counter-demonstration. And in Matabeland, the Ndebele stronghold, angering resentment at ZAPU's poor showing in the 1980 elections—it gained only 20 seats in the 100-seat parliament—was deepened by the realization that the party had been effectively stripped of cabinet responsibility. (One ZAPU minister stayed on, but his future remained uncertain.)

Moreover, observers were quick to point to the sequence of events leading up to Nkomo's ouster as evidence of Mugabe's long-term intention. Only weeks before, Mugabe had invited ZAPU to merger talks with the declared aim of forming a one-party state. Nkomo spurned the offer, and in reaction, it is argued, Mugabe decided to rid himself of the man he described as "a cobra in the house." The 6,000 miles in ZAPU-owned property, which totaled a huge haul of arms, 700 rifles, 300 rocket-propelled grenades, more than one million rounds of ammunition and 20 Soviet-made 40-mm missile launchers.

There were plausible explanations for the stockpiles. One was that ZAPU wanted them for defensive purposes in case ZAPU supporters should attempt to intimidate voters in the 1985 elections as they had in 1980. But Mugabe chose to believe otherwise and used the discovery as the reason for expelling ZAPU holdings and expelling Nkomo from the government.

Now, with ZANU holding a 57-seat majority in parliament, Mugabe can govern without the support of ZAPU or the white Rhodesians. And for observers doubt that his program includes the ouster of the constitution, by administrative decree if necessary.

Still, Mugabe must steer a careful course toward his objective. For one thing, he must not frighten away the massive foreign aid that he needs to carry out his social reconstruction programs. Nor can he afford to accelerate the already substantial exodus of whites—currently running at 1,500 a month—which is creating a severe shortage of skilled manpower.

But for the moment, the greatest threat to Mugabe's political timetable is the possibility of an outbreak of tribal bloodletting. At week's end, an intense debate was under way as government circles as to whether Nkomo and other top ZAPU officials should be prosecuted for involvement in the alleged conspira-



Captured arms: the future held a prospect of violence

cy if the decision goes in favor of a trial. Few observers doubt that Nkomo's supporters' response would be violent.

—JAMES FLEMING,  
with correspondents/Jim

## SPAIN

# Democracy and king go on trial

**S**ome Spanish commentators formed in the "moment of truth," others the "trial of the century." But others the governance of 38 around in a military court—a converted party warehouse in a Madrid barracks—it was still not clear last week who or what exactly was being tried.

The 23 prisoners, three of them generals, faced sentences of up to 30 years if they were found to be implicated in the storming of parliament on Feb. 23, 1981. But it was clear that extremists

nostalgic for the days of rebel dictator Francisco Franco were bent on using the trial to discredit democracy. And as the evidence began to unfold, another disturbing suspicion was confirmed: the defecting military is key to implicate in the coup attempted the man whose name alone blocked it—namely, other than King Juan Carlos himself.

In contrast to the tense security in general, a calm but relaxed atmosphere prevailed when the Supreme Council of Military Justice on Friday began hearing 40 witnesses in a case that could last two months. Lt.-Col. Antonio Tena, 50, the Civil Guard who has been listed as a hero by fascists since he led the raid on parliament, smiled confidently. Other accused, comfortably seated on velvet-upholstered chairs behind bulletproof glass, stood to relations. All asked for suggestions on the grounds that they had remembered to arrive in fact, they are themselves as patriots whose honor, in the words of the right-wing weekly *Revista Española*, has been sold by "regimes, values and lies." Their remaining time in the 150,000-page summary of evidence to see if they were acting with the king's knowledge, to preserve Spain from what supporters call "extremist politics bent on destroying the country."

On the question of the king's involvement there is a sharp clash in the evidence of the two alleged coup leaders. One of them, the tough 60-year-old Lt.-Gen. Jaime Milans del Bosch, who fought for Franco and later Hitler on the Russian front, claims that in January, 1981, Gen. Alfonso Armada told him of a conversation with the king in which he said he was in the process of a military coup with the government. Juan Carlos allegedly said there was a need to "change course." According to Armada, José del Bosch, the king's favored, a civilian, Queen

Officers brief reporters before the trial. The accused claimed to have royal approval



Bells a military, civilian Armada, over Joan Carles' nose, details reporting a conversation with the king. He also denies involvement in the plot. But in evidence near to the court, Teyssie said he would never have entered parliament if he had not believed he was doing so in the name of the king. At the time of the coup, said Teyssie, everybody thought Armada would be at the palace. He was regarded as the head of the operation.

Among most Spaniards the king's prestige has never been higher, due to his denouncing the coup. But rightists claim that in a Machiavellian scenario he encouraged the military rebels in order to shake up the squabbling politicians—then betrayed them.

Such allegations could seriously weaken the monarchy. But nevertheless to the future of Spain's fragile democratic institutions will be the severity of the sanctions handed down. As the respected *El Financiero* noted, "If the facts of Feb. 23 do not reveal a monarch who satisfies the demands of justice, the days of the regime appear numbered."

The precedents are not good. For a previous plot to kidnap the cabinet, Teyssie was given no more than a break of a few days. For the 1981 coup, the trial verdict could thus prove uncomfortable to both king and parliament.

—DAVID BATES in Madrid

#### WASHINGTON

## Jets for Jordan split the ranks

With echoes of last autumn's bitter AWACS debate still reverberating through the capital, Washington was buzzing last week with rumors of yet another contentious arms sale—this time to Jordan. At the end of a nine-day trip to three Arab capitals, Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger discussed the transfer of mobile Hawk antiaircraft missiles and F-16 fighter jets with Jordan's King Hussein. Hasty made no formal proposals, but Weinberger left his aides with the willingness to accommodate a future request. Indeed, a senior aide to the defense secretary was said to have commented that the Reagan administration is trying to "indirect" its military policy away from Israel—and toward the Arab states.

Even before Weinberger's plea returned to Washington, the Jordanian hypothesis had stirred Israeli doubts between Israel and the United States. At the same time, the Pentagon's views were in sharp conflict with those of Secretary of State Alexander Haig, making no question about control of the



Weinberger with Hussein: a head-on view of foreign policy rift comes to a head

administration's foreign policy apparatus.

A modernized Jordanian air force, equipped with mobile ground-to-air missiles, would pose a substantial threat to Israel's supremacy in the skies. And Jerusalem moved promptly to register its protest. For one thing, the Knesset voted 58 to 3 to ask Washington to "restrain itself from granting Israel's security." Then, in a letter delivered personally to President Ronald Reagan by the new Israeli ambassador, Moshe Arens, Prime Minister Menachem Begin asked, "If those sophisticated weapons are to be supplied to Jordan, what will become of the qualitative and quantitative edge you were as kind to promise us?"

For his part, the president passed a quick "Dear Menachem" reply, assuring Begin that Israel's qualitative technological edge would be maintained. "There has been no change regarding our military supply relationship with Jordan," said Secretary Weinberger brought no new request. "But Reagan was careful not to foreclose his options, noting that any future decision would reflect not only the United States' commitment to Israel but "the need to bring peace to the region." Indeed, he even provided a possible rationale for the sale: "It is in the interests of both our countries

for the United States to enhance its influence with other states in the region."

No new U.S. move is expected before April 26, when Egypt is scheduled to regain complete control of the Sinai. In fact, most analysts believe the administration will wait until this November's congressional elections are past before submitting a formal proposal. Washington has said Hawk missiles to Jordan before. However, by congressional order, these were delivered on condition they be installed at East locations, far from the Israeli-Jordanian border.

With Saudi and Iraqi financing, Israel is now committed to buying the mobile Soviet version of the Hawk—the SA-6. Apparently reconsidered to this \$400-million deal, the Pentagon wants to prevent American from slipping their grip on the Soviet military envelope. That risk was underscored by Marwan al-Kassab, the Jordanian foreign minister. On a visit to Paris, he said pointedly, "In certain arms markets, we are obliged to us, we will not acquiesce."

But what raised the warmest opposition fever in Washington last week was the continuing Sinai-Washington power struggle. While the White House has occasionally deplored the Arab countries' two cabinet secretaries have recommended very dif-



Sigmund outplayed by the tale of a deal

ferent policy approaches to the Middle East and El Salvador, Poland, and the Soviet Union. The result, critics contend, is a foreign policy that lacks a precise definition. "How can it possibly help the secretary of state to juggle along the Palestinian autonomy talks?" The Washington Post editorialized last week, "if at that very moment, the secretary of defense is pleading with an Arab leader who quotes these talks to accept the favor of his new American ally."

To mediate these differences, William Clark—Haig's deputy at the state department and trusted Reagan ally—was moved to the national security adviser's post at the White House. For the moment, the new arrangement seems to be working in Haig's favor. But Haig may find he has quelled one adversary—Weinberger—only to confront a more powerful one: Clark himself.

Haig will also have to deal with possible fallout from the Washington Post's publication last week of his private comments at state department staff meetings. The Post quoted Haig as saying that the only thing standing in the way of Egypt's return to pre-Camp David status was the Sinai territory. After the transfer began, he said, "I'd go back to the Arab world, with the U.S. isolated as Israel's sole defender," Haig reportedly commented.

Such a scenario, though never publicly stated by U.S. officials, has long been suspected privately. Indeed, the logic implies why Israeli military strategists might be tempted to strike now and heavily at East strongholds and Syrian missiles in south Lebanon. If peace with Egypt is deemed a prerequisite for a new peace with Israel, the Sinai still obliges Egyptian neutrality. Reagan's aim to placate Begin as the Jordanian arm race can be seen as offsetting to give the Israeli leader another pretext for military action.

But Israeli political tacticians do not want to be blamed for finally abandoning the Camp David peace process. And there would be dangers as well in any action that undermined Syria's President Hafez al-Assad. Here he is to be replaced by more moderate leadership. Syria might then be prepared to negotiate peace—putting intense pressures on Israel to yield territory.

Washington, however, was not taking any chances. At week's end, special ambassador Richard Bissell was scheduled for talks on Palestinian autonomy. And another Middle Eastern envoy, Philip Habib, is reported ready to resume diplomatic bargaining in the region. But both efforts are probably counterproductive. The Pentagon has a cross rapidly reaching its point of saturation.

—MICHAEL POSNER in Washington

#### IRELAND

## A split decision at the polls

It was not a watershed for heartbreak in Dublin. Not only was the country's rugby team bidding for its first grand slam in 35 years in the international championships, but there a general election produced a result that left most of the politicians with such a good deal shorter. Nobody named certain what the result actually was, including the two contenders for the prime minister's office. On evening an Irish television, *Opportunity* Patrick Finlay leader Charles Haughey signed his name beside the spate worded "teachtuin" (Gaelic minister). But minutes later, when outgoing Fine Gael Prime Minister Garret FitzGerald arrived, he signed below. Then drew an arrow pointing to the prime ministerial title.



Haughey (left), FitzGerald no budget?

There was only one thing nobody could dispute: the voters delivered a stinging repulse to Sinn Féin, the political arm of the Irish republican movement. The voters even out the debates were broadcast at the public last June, when the emotional E-Block hunger strikes in Ulster were at their peak, 20 of the prisoners were sent to the Dail (parliament). This time around, however, with the hunger strikes over, the voters had no time for the previous month's violence.

The question of who will run the country probably will not be decided until the new Dail meets on March 9. In the meantime, the two would-be prime ministers will lobby for allies. Haughey has 81 seats, and the outgoing government has 76. But the smaller parties and independents have seven and hold the balance of power—just as they did in the last parliament.

The outcome of the bargaining will depend in large part on one issue: whether the independents will support FitzGerald's tough budget measures that were defeated on Jan. 31 or Haughey's less drastic proposals. The choice will not be easy. The Irish people in the Irish Times made clear it showed a housewife watching the results on TV. "I

think the people are saying they don't want anything to bring in a budget," she said.

While the election battle rages, a whole range of tax issues remains on ice at a cost, so far, of \$500 million to the government. This is settling the country's long-standing national debt, cannot afford. But will there be a government able to carry out the policies? Could FitzGerald pull all the smaller parties behind him and carry off Haughey's party ditch him before March 9 and try for a central majority in a fresh election? These were some of the questions that would have to be answered—after the match.

—BRUNDA K. KOSMAN in Dublin

#### FRANCE

## Socializing a troubled economy

The legend had all the suspense of a lightning strike. In the dead of night, a commensal of 200 masked men in dark windbreakers descended on the summit Narbonne and seized every telephone. A 4000 and silently set up shop. The 58 former gunrunners erupted toward the Frontignac Reservoir, where 31 striking workers had been occupying the plant. Sneaking through the security fence and overpowered with police, the strikers and their gunrunners, the runners locked them in a storehouse for six hours while stealthily "blowing" 750,000 rounds of the Cotonnerbore. Some 15 trucks—a haul worth \$10 million—"I was only taking what was mine," protested organizer Bernard Aubert, an Algerian war veteran whose on-again badman had organized the nationwide rail fire of change. But the government was not impressed with that cupid's plan.

Last week, a court found Aubert guilty of illegally confining the strikers. At another time, the "Cotonnerbore Affair" as it has become known, might have been dismissed as just a typical case of the war-torn French economy. A case of a grim war of labor unrest that is sweeping France just as the government is concentrating the main pillars of its Socialist economic policies.

But the court's case was just the last week. President Francois Mitterrand's cabinet was transmitting the long, anonymous central debate over nationalization of the country's five major industrial groups and 36 private banks. But while the case was still going on in the government's announcement of a new general industrial mandate, police were trying to quell an explosive demonstration on the



The Procopio Glacier after the tidal a grim wave of labor unrest

Rue du Faubourg Saint-Henri. Their opponents were customs officers who have been working to rule over new measures reducing the official work week from 48 hours to 39—and cutting their compensation. As well as bringing out the police, their opponents also had tanks, the harbors, airports and border crossings into a nightmare tangle of backed-up traffic and enraged truckers as every vehicle and suitcase is minutely and painstakingly searched.

The customs officers are not alone in their skepticism to a policy that, while shortening the work week, has threatened also to reduce the pay and privileges of workers. Across the country, an estimated 100 small factories were being searched by their angry truckers as every vehicle and suitcase is minutely and painstakingly searched.

Nationalism is merely the first step. Nevertheless, for some observers the wonder is that it ever got launched at all. Mixed for months in bitter parliamentary debate and although by some segments of the business community, the construction bill was accepted another roadblock in January when the constitutional council, the country's highest court, ruled that six of its clauses were illegal. In a typically Gallic example of last-minute compromise, the ruling did not question the principle but the amount of compensation being paid to shareholders. Early this month the government agreed to shall cut an extra \$1.5 billion, bringing takeover costs to \$8.2 billion.

Declared Premier Pierre Mauroy: "It's a means not an end." But it is a powerful one. The government has

taken under its wing the largest chunk of any Western industrialized nation's economy: 52 per cent of its industry and 90 per cent of its credit, not to mention an additional 750,000 employees. To lead the band for economic miracle, intended to create jobs, stimulate research and investment and reconquer the home market from the Americans and Japanese, Industry Minister Pierre Dreyfus—himself a former president of the successful nationalized automobile Renault—passed a sweeping stroke of the Socialist brush over the newly nationalized construction union.

Although the new unit was poised to prove far past performance, not political colors, there were a few exceptions. The Cart Board was handed to Georges Valon, a longtime typographer who now sits on the Communist Party's committee in clear agreement of the

government's Communist partners. And the presidency of the new French Energy Agency was served up to Michel Rocard, a Socialist of long standing who was also a leader of a post-party union.

Mitterrand guaranteed his new managers "total autonomy." But they will nevertheless have to walk a particularly tricky tightrope. They must please the state by upping productivity, while refusing to yield to government and union pressure to create new jobs at the expense of efficiency. Certainly, the nationalization battle is far from over. As Le Monde put it, "The certain has fallen on the first net. What remains to be seen is the usefulness of this considerable reform."

Already, analysts predict that a one-stream infusion of \$80 billion in fresh cash will be needed by the newly nationalized five main industrial groups over the next five years. As well, the electrical-chemical giant Rhône-Poulenc is considered on the edge of bankruptcy. Pielouze-Lucas-Kuhlmann, a metal-lurgy company, had losses of \$110 million in 1980; the computer empire of CII-Honeywell Bull is in the red, and the national steel industry is in chaos.

An analysis released earlier this month by the Paris-based Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development is skeptical that the Socialist government can pull off its gamble. At best, it predicts, "It will take a few years to produce results." That timetable may be too slow for France's increasingly restless labor force. The workers, however, could take comfort from one aspect of the nationalization: This new corporate presidents were reported by Le Monde to be taking substantial cuts in salary.

—MARC McDONALD in Paris

## The demise of a dream car?

The hottest single job in British industry seems to have become that of the reviewer, those consultant-car buyers called in to dispose of a bankrupt company's assets. Two weeks ago Leaker Airways was wheeled into the emergency ward. Last week it was De Lorean Motor Co., the Belfast-based lecher of John D. De Lorean, a flashy, high-living rebel whose 1973 decision to quit his \$600,000-a-year job at General Motors had rocked Detroit.

For much of the next five years, De Lorean wandered the world in quest of financing for a plan to stamp out his dream car—the DMC-12, a stainless steel sports car whose gull-wing doors flap up like a Star Wars escape pod. In

1979 he was wooed and won by the Northern Ireland Development Agency. Britain's desperation to create jobs in the strife-torn province agreed it to invest more than \$150 million in loans, grants and equity capital to the project.

When the first models rolled off the production line, sales were brisk. But then came the United States' second recession in five years and a world auto slump. By last week the company's cash gauge finally notched empty, a situation that led James Leaker, Northern Ireland's secretary, to send in the motorer. Meanwhile, De Lorean claimed that Leaker's decision to write off the money owed it placed his company in better financial shape. As a result, he produced American investors would line up to revive the company's British and U.S. operations. But it remained very much to doubt whether his optimism was justified. ☐

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Podhorski, Swenson and Read so many downhill victories with one of the simplest and least costly race programs.

## SPORTS

# An assault on an alpine preserve

By Matthew Fisher

Alpine Europe has been hosting ski races for more than half a century and for almost as long the sons and daughters of its postcard-perfect valleys have been watching them. However, in the past decade the technical events, the slalom and giant slalom, have become the domain of a quiet Swede, Ingemar Stenmark, and twin sons from the state of Washington, Phil and Steve Mahre. Only one discipline remained an alpine preserve—the sport's greatest spectacle, the downhill. Not any more.

Through the 1950s the best of the rest of the world could manage as mere than 180 World Cup and World Championships downhill was a dozen victories. Yet more than half of those wins had gone to one country—Canada—and in the Alps it was clear where the challenge of the '80s lay.

Starting with Steve Podhorski's victory in the seedlings of pre-set 81 slalom on Dec. 31, 1968, Canadian men and women have won 39 World Cup and World Championships downhills. The Austrian downhill machine with its ski schools and factories and its million-dollar state programs has won eight. The equally well-funded Swedes have won seven. No other country has won more than three times.

Canada's downhill assault peaked three weeks ago at the women's World Championships in Haas, Austria, when a shy young woman from British Columbia's rugged interior, Gerry Swenson, came through first. Laurie Graham, from the hillsides of southern Ontario, was third, and Diane Lehoucq of Calgary was fifth. As Graham, in her comfortable Canadian, said "We really showed them, eh?" Then a week later at Garmisch, West Germany, Podhorski won his third World Cup downhill of the season, stretching his lead in the standings to 22 points. A non-alpine racer has never won the downhill title, but as the crowd swings into Whistler, B.C., this week, Podhorski is poised for the final bout with ski-racing tradition.

Racing at home is not something the Canadians are used to. In Podhorski's eight years on the World Cup tour, Canada has only hosted one race (two years ago at Lake Louise, where he won fourth). The women have never won a downhill at home. In fact, for more than 50 years almost everything has been stacked against the Canadian. "We live in Canada and fly to Europe all the time to try and beat people at their own game," explains Podhorski. "You come to a race and they've got more video, more section timers and what seems like 1,000 coaches. All the factories are

in Europe and we have to beg, borrow and steal sometimes to get properly equipped."

How is it then, that Canada, without any home advantage and with one of the smallest and least costly race programs, has been producing so many winners in a sport that the Austrians and Swedes have far so long regarded as their own? The coach of the Canadian women's team, Carrie Chapman, has a theory. "We may be socially together, it seems from a living I think Canadians have that you have to suffer through pain a little more than the other person. Look at the men's team. There is Podhorski with a weak knee and a broken shoulder, but he never complains about it. I think we have a different approach to danger and pain."

No strangers to danger or pain, Podhorski and Read are the last of the "Crash Canucks," a moniker coined by a French journalist in the mid-'70s to describe or perhaps even to explain the arrival of the Canadian downhill team in Europe.

Until then Canadian men had always been in the considerable shadow of individual women stars. Like 1955 world downhill champion Lucie Wheeler of Gray Bluffs, Que., Ottawa's 1958 Olympic champion, Anne Heggtveit, and 1968 Olympic champion Nancy Green of Richmond, B.C., who won the first two



Swenson on top of this world, Podhorski airborne: a different approach to danger and pain than the Europeans have

World Cup overall titles in 1967 and 1968. But suddenly, in 1975, the men were a team to be reckoned with. Ken Read won at Val d'Isère and a week later Dave Irwin won first at a World Cup downhill at Schladming, Austria. An emerging British Columbian, Dave Murray, a veteran from Saskatchewan, Jim Hunter, and a fresh-faced 18-year-old Podhorski from Den Mills, Ont., completed the team.

Their trademark was death-defying aggression on downhill pistes, and the Europeans loved it. Recalling those early years Podhorski says "Canada came to start concentrating on downhill because it was the easiest way to the top. You just got better start numbers more quickly because there weren't many people who like to run it. It's very scary." Jim Hunter was the team's first leader. "Eventually we overtook him," says team leader Podhorski. "First Ken was faster and then I [Irwin] and then [Murray]. Then Ken again. We pushed each other to the top." Read, who has won six races in the past six seasons, adds, "The Canadian team was lucky in that it got together at the same time a bunch of individuals with the same amount of ability." Hunter retired in 1977, Irwin suffered a string of terrifying crashes on the slopes, and Murray was never able to move up from several excellent second-place finishes. By the end of the decade Read and Podhorski were obviously the best of the Crash Canucks.

There is an odd but enduring friendship despite occasional suggestions to the contrary in the European press. To watch them in the starting gate is to understand a little of what makes them what they are. Read is quiet and dispassionate, almost going into a trance. Podhorski is all jokes and laughter and seems to criss a few last-second distractions from the task at hand.

Once they leave the starting gate, atop some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, a paradise is quickly revealed. The supposedly disciplined Read maintains much of that old Crazy Canuck style, slicing windmill fashion down easy descents, in a way that reminds many of Austria's "The golden boy."

Frans Klammer. Podhorski basks from the gate, emerging as one of the new wave of smooth, technically precise downhill racers, his aggressiveness concealed in gracefully carved turns.

At the finish both revert to their previous personalities. Podhorski works the press with a huge grin and self-deprecating remarks. The more confident Read carefully weighs his thoughts before providing the definitive intellectual analysis of the race.

Money is one of the few things the two racers do not like to discuss. As amateurs everything received goes through trust funds administered by the Canadian Ski Association. It is said that every World Cup downhill victory is worth at least \$50,000, and Podhorski is often called "a millionaire in blue jeans."

But it is not for the money that they race, but for the greater glory of their country. "I do it for myself and for nothing else," Podhorski declares. "I started skiing because I like it and that is the only reason to continue doing this ridiculous sport." New with six victories in 14 months Podhorski has taken a final stop and moved into a class of his own. Only Austria's Hans Kneibitzler can be viewed as a consistent rival. "It has been a slow climb to the top," Read says of his friend. "Now he is the one to beat."

One thing that has troubled the racers, including Irwin and Murray who will retire at the end of the season, is that there are no heirs apparent for the hurt of the Crazy Canucks. Perhaps Todd Breuer, 26, a tall, handsome skier from Paris, Ont., who has scored a series of bottom-end first-and-second



Podhorski celebrating: "a real kick out of it"

this winter and a second in the World Championships combined downhill, can put something together. But after him there is no one. There are no five young men champions at the bi as there were in 1975.

"We've put together a program that worked for those guys," says John Rhee, who became national team coach in 1977. "For five years we've been competitive with the greatest downhill nation there is (Austria), and we aren't an Alpine nation. But perhaps our program is tailored to the needs of the guys at the top. It may not be working for the younger guys."

Podbaski thinks much the same way. "It is true that there aren't a lot of good young downhill racers, but we are working hard to correct that. We had a group of guys become good at the same time in the mid-70s. New young guys come along and maybe they don't get the same chance because we are so far ahead of them. They come over to Europe and see guys now having as an 80 miles per hour. Just seeing that can blow a lot of people away. Perhaps they imagine that they'll never be there. I know that when I started it was outside my comprehension. I never dreamed I'd do as well as I'm doing now."

A more immediate question surrounds the future of Podbaski and Reid. Will they continue to race? After his third-place result in a race in the last race in Europe (a 20th), Reid muttered that it was perhaps "My last race in Europe." A more typical and less emotional response to the question came later. "There are still some things to prove to myself. One goal, after injuring my knee last season, was to get back into the world's best. I've achieved that with these thirds this winter but not to my complete satisfaction." To prepare for this season Reid endured a particularly long and arduous training regimen. "Now I must ask myself if, after a summer with a normal training pattern, can I do better, better than I have done this season." If the answer is no, Reid will probably start studying law full time.

"His racing is too ephemeral to look very far ahead," says Podbaski in response to the same question. "This is my eighth year on the World Cup and that is a long time at any job with a lot of ups and downs and bad moments. It is a difficult life and I don't say I like it, but so far the racing has been a lot of fun. I get a real kick out of it. In the

spring I'll look at this season and think about what this sport still holds for me."

Their assistant downhill coach, Heinz Kappler, is one of the many who hope they will continue to race. "Ken is Sid and Steve is Stu," he says. "These are the very best years for a downhill racer."

While Reid and Podbaski may be the last of the great Canadian male racers for some time, Gerry Serresen is only the first in what promises to be a new generation of world-class Canadian women skiers. They could control the downhill for years.

Unlike her Alpine opponents and most of her teammates, Serresen was not raised in a skiing family. The new women's world champion did not even

makeup of almost all champion skiers."

Serresen also displays no fear at all and claims to enjoy high-speed bumps that make many racers nervous. Chagnon considers his life-threatening proclivity to be among the assets of skiers to coach. "She just does everything you ask her to do," he says. "If you want her to jump at 80 miles an hour, she'll jump for you at 80 miles an hour. She can accept these sort of instructions by radio at the last minute and execute them perfectly."

Pushing Serresen is a gallery of young racers. The effervescent Ginhart is the most obvious of them and not only because of her personality. The 22-year-old World Championships bronze medalist is the most technically smooth of the Canadian women and seemingly the most at ease in Europe. Others are the silver medalist but now greatly improved Denise Leleko, Shanne Leesitt of Calgary, who has a special affinity for hard snow, and Europa Cup champion Diana Hught of Penticton, B.C., who, like so many of the Canadians before her, is just now recovering from knee surgery.

Chagnon's cheerful, little head makes do on a budget of \$200,000 a year. According to goals set in 1979 the team is

right on target with its two World Championships downhill medals, but Chagnon has much higher ambitions. "By 1984, and especially by 1988 when the Olympics are in Calgary, we need to be as good in skis as our giant slalom as we are now in the downhill."

The men's team is pointed in the same direction. Should this happen, the Europeans could be slightly less friendly to the Canadians. Until now the Europeans have viewed the Canadians as a scattering of a curiosity. If a Serin couldn't win he would cheer for a Canadian. He would an Australian if one of his skiers went first. And the feeling is shared by the public, as reflected by Podbaski's mailing. Only one in 10 fan letters comes from a Canadian admirer. Swiss writers held the list, followed by Austrians, West Germans and Scandinavians.

But as racers prepared for this week's downhill at Whistler, the skiers and fans from across Europe had much to ponder aside from Podbaski possibly winning the World Cup event. Skiing medals no longer belong exclusively to sons and daughters from the Alps. Canada is claiming its share. ◇



Heidi Rodl and Gerry Serresen, 'guys come racing by at 80 miles per hour'.



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# The auto talks shift gears

By William Lowther

**A**s the North American auto industry continues to slip and slide deeper into a business crisis—sales of domestically made cars recently dropped to a 36-year low—a rift is developing between Canadian and U.S. members of the powerful United Auto Workers union (UAW) over how best to aid the industry and save jobs. The Americans seem ready to forge new pacts with employers, accepting sharp

Canada reported a record \$86-billion loss for 1981. The union, along with the government, is expected to negotiate 30 per cent of the Canadian market in January. In response, all domestic companies have instituted incentives, rebate and discount schemes that save customers up to \$2,000 on certain vehicles. Such price-cutting tactics, however, provide only temporary relief. The Americans believe a more fundamental approach is through the bargaining table. "Eighty-five per cent of Ameri-



UAW negotiators (left) seek the deal with Ford's less universal responsibility

colleagues of wages and benefits while promising a new era of co-operation aimed at producing cars of higher quality.

The Canadians, who represent about 130,000 of the UAW's 1.8 million members, argue instead for government intervention to restrict imports and to lower interest rates, thus encouraging domestic car sales. Says Robert White, UAW vice-president and director of the union's Canadian section: "It's the only way, we can't bargain ourselves out of this mess."

It is a claim that threatens to widen in the United States 570,000 auto-workers are unemployed, and an estimated 15,000 Canadians are laid off, with about 8,000 more General Motors' workers in Oshawa, St. Catharines and Windsor, Ont. to be laid off in the next month. The problem—sagging sales—striking profits, too. Last week Ford of

Canada who buy Japanese cars cite quality not price," Peter J. Postle, the Ford Motor Company vice-president for labor relations, said last week. And Donald E. Eppin, the UAW's top man at Ford, added in what would previously have been considered a rare show of agreement: "Until recently steelworkers here high as U.S. car factories, turnover was high and quality was terrible."

The quarterly reaches into the second UAW officials wearing buttons that read VOTE YES FOR FORD began last week trying to sell a tentative contract for a note this week by the auto's 170,000 members at Ford. The pact offers guaranteed income for high-assembly workers and improved supplemental unemployment benefits in exchange for deferred rest of living allowances, a wage freeze and elimination of paid personal holidays. The Canadian UAW voted unanimously to make no conces-

sions in its contract talks scheduled to begin in July.

At American Motors (AM), the company reporting that 15,000 blue-collar workers delay 10 per cent of the pay increases scheduled under the current contract, which extends in Canada until Sept. 17, 1982. The union is meeting this week to discuss the idea. The AMC proposal, which the company says is needed to finance new cars, differs from either auto company plans in that AMC has promised to repay the workers with interest starting in 1984. The scheme would generate about \$100 million for AMC's need. Discontent is evident, however.

It is a direction that other firms have so far rejected. Says Eppin: "What is emerging is a North American version of industrial democracy based on mutual respect and close consultation. From the shop floor to the boardroom. If the Ford agreement is ratified and if the others reach similar pacts in the United States, the most significant feature may be a lessening of the historic adversary relationship between labor and management. Through it all the Japanese continue to demonstrate how well the strategy works—for everyone."

Will Lowther from Carol Brannen.

## Red ink, red faces in the bureaucracy

**O**tawa-based Consolidated Computer Inc. was undermanned from its start in 1978. When CCI went into receivership three years later, the federal and Ontario governments came to the rescue with bold hopes for launching a world-class Canadian computer firm in the capital's Silicon Valley North. A decade later, Ottawa was in control, CCI had lost \$66 million, and at least \$125 million in taxpayers' money was unaccountably lost in loan guarantees. This week the rattled federal government plans to sign a deal that will return CCI to private hands, where it apparently belongs all along.

The first detailed account of the "Silicon Scandal" was revealed last week when Conservative MP Andrew Stevens released bookended copies of an in-house memorandum on CCI prepared by Treasury Board official William Anderson. The Anderson report and cabinet documents obtained by *Maclean's* reveal a web of corporate shell games, apparent deception of ministers by federal civil servants on CCI's board and the failure of cabinet and Parliament to guard the public purse.

In a decade mired with good intentions and bad calls, Ottawa effectively became owner, manager and banker of a firm gone down the tubes from the start. "CCI," Anderson concludes, "was

never a financially viable company and a review of its financial statements in any past could have confirmed this." Stevens adds: "CCI kept banking into government money and more, believing illusory that should have been written off years ago. It was just incompetent."

Not until the summer of 1980 did CCI reveal the depths of the quagmire to ministers, who in turn spent another year debating when to do—and CCI put at least another \$12 million. In May, 1981, Treasury Board President Donald Johnston privately warned Industry, Trade and Commerce Minister Herb Gray: "The government at least runs the risk of another CCI. The government will be severely criticized for its handling of this matter, and this criticism will be even greater if the company is further assisted and fails."

For his part, Gray seemed the man. Nevertheless he desperately wanted to boost CCI until a willing private buyer could be found. In the end cabinet got parliamentary approval for \$94 million to pay off the CCI's debts, clearing the decks for the sale to Waco Manufacturing Corp. of Ottawa for \$200,000 and, possibly, another \$65 million if sales of CCI rebound.

The loan guarantees, starting with \$30 million in 1978 came mainly from Ottawa's Strategic Development Bank (SDP). SDP's assets under li-



Johnston (left) Gray an object (above) to loan aid to run a computer company

ability, Trade and Commerce, but it is authorized by a general vote of Parliament to make loan guarantees up to a total \$1 billion—without needing authority of cabinet or Commons—to companies such as CCI that the minister believes won't "bust."

In 1975, after Ottawa took a 49-per cent position in CCI (Maclean's was 25 per cent), the SDP installed its officials on CCI's board. They in turn established two leasing companies to buy CCI equipment and rent it to customers. Trouble was, according to Anderson, CCI was being outbid by competitors and the terms of the leases did not cover CCI's costs. The real cranks of the loans, Anderson reveals, was masked by the failure to consolidate the books of CCI and the leasing companies.

Anderson also pointed to the apparent conflict of the civil servants who were charged with duties both to taxpayers and CCI. The federal officials, says Anderson, consistently gave SDP optimistic reports on CCI prospects and SDP, in turn, kept the financing flowing.

There were few winners in the CCI deal—and certainly not the ordinary taxpayer. Thomas Riddell of Toronto received \$160,000 per year for managing two partners to administer the leasing company. Commercial banks got \$45 million in interest over the years on

CCI's government-backed loans. Former CCI president John McDonald Brown was paid \$110,000 per year, in addition to a company car, and he is receiving \$50,000 mortgage pay. Executive Vice-President Harold Holmquist, an SDP official appointed to CCI's board under Ottawa's "sensitive interlocking" program last year, was paid \$68,000—excluding an extra \$300 per week for time starting last July when the loan went up on the CCI file.

How did it happen? Treasury Board President Johnston is not at all sure. "All of us," he concedes ruefully, "have lessons to learn." The next report out of all, it seems, is the issue that Johnston raised within the coalition of cabinet secretaries in 1980 when he wrote "Much of this [financial] exposure has been incurred without being brought to the attention of the ministers." The question for Parliament to answer now is, why?

—ROBERT LEWIS

## Putting a lid on the salary pot

**A**fter three videotaped rehearsals to perfect his timing, Premier Robert B. Bennett walked into parliament last Thursday and lightened the heels of British Columbia's 260,000 public servants. But there was immediate outrage over Bennett's plan to limit civil servants' wage increases to around 10 per cent, with a absolute limit of 14 per cent. "He well with him," snapped Jim Ransard, president of the B.C. Federation of Labor. "TV go after his guts for doing this sort of thing."

With a contrast between the government and opposition—Bennett's wage-cutting from civil servants to highway workers—due to expire July 31, the employees are in no mood to accept new restraints. They have been locked into annual eight-per-cent increases for three years, and the cost of living has been far higher—currently 13.4 per cent in Vancouver.

The other threat to Bennett's restraint program—hitting ministers in government spending to 15 per cent—will hit the already squeezed universities, hospitals and school boards.

To many, the only good news in the address was an interesting salary freeze for high civil servants and wage guidelines for members of the legislature. The premier himself has been under attack lately for speaking unparliamentarily while baring more advisers and buying new office facilities. In an apparent gesture of restraint, Patrick Kinsella, Bennett's deputy minister, trimmed part of his \$155,000 offer of farefare for his own office.

—MALCOLM GLAY



# An ordeal by churchly ire

By Patrick Donohue

Self-proclaimed Kathryn Shoke seems an unlikely foment of religious rebellion. Yet surrounding the 25-year-old housewife in a storm of accusations that she skirts the persecution of Joan of Arc. Last summer, jarring parishioners hounded Shoke and four supporters out of their parish church of Our Lady of Lourdes in St. Louis. It's because of her beliefs, she now finds some Roman Catholic churches barred to her, and has even been refused confession. Nor can she hear the mass at her own church unless she kneels outside in the snow. Shoke maintains the continuing battle stems from her devout wish to restore communion kneeling down. "The only way my heart will allow"—as was the custom until the Second Vatican Council introduced standing in the late '60s. But for shying of Antipope John Paul II, she is far more than kneeling at stake: the very heart of the church's authority. Shoke insists that kneeling violates a direct order of the Virgin Mary as relayed in a series of visions at Bayside,



Shoke providing an unabashed taste

N.Y. labelling herself a former "Jehovah Catholic," she proclaims, "The messages of Our Lady changed me."

The supposed apparitions have galvanized Catholics from as far away as Australia and the Philippines. Bizarre vigils, held at the former New York

World's Fair grounds before religious fests, have so far drawn an estimated 2,000 to 3,000 Canadian pilgrims. Meanwhile, worldwide circulation of *Shoke's Maria*, a talking published by Ottawa publisher Anne Cillis to promote the Bay-side cause, has soared from 20,000 to 70,000 in the past two years.

Little did church authorities expect such enthusiasm about 10 years ago, when heavenly visions in her parish church in the Bay-side 10th district of New York city. As Rev. Andrew Cashner, professor of canon law at the Toronto school of theology, says, "If we were to believe every reported apparition of the 19th century, we would be holding manuscripts to her on every corner." But the Bay-side phenomenon has proven hard to ignore—and equally hard to embrace. Although devotees claim to have seen the rock carved and inscribed turned to gold, none of these marvels has been proven to the church's satisfaction. Nor could a 1976 investigation by the Roman Catholic diocese of Brooklyn find any grounds for belief in the apparitions.

More crucial is the church's opposition to the messages relayed by Shoke in a trans-rite state. All deny rampant "ecris" in the contemporary church, of which the "disobedient" standing for communion is but one. Unlike

the messages of officially approved visions, such as those Bernadette Soubirous heard at Lourdes in 1858, Bay-side announcements attack church authorities and teachings. Shoke says: "Do not accept the challenge of Satan by listening with stinking ears to his new doctrines of demons." Another purportedly revealed that Pope Paul VI had been abducted and the papal throne usurped by a surgically transformed impostor "created from the minds of the agents of Satan." Recorded on tape at the night, these denunciations are published not only in *Shoke's Maria*, but in Bay-side advertisements in the secular press—paid for, usually, by anonymous donors.

The dire warnings leave outsiders unimpressed. "It's from the occult," says Father Bob MacDonnell, a Toronto Jesuit psychologist and regular 300 Mantley Street guest. "The disruptive atmosphere around the Bay-side mass proves the vision is not from God." To more rationally minded observers, the movement is an outpouring of frustration among extremely conservative Catholics who, disappointed over the modernization of the church, champion spreads and prophets of the past. Cashner, for instance, comments that some of those drawn to the movement "are insecure people who don't believe in the gospel and need



Shoke's supporters hearing the mass, refused confession

imperial proof of their faith."

Nor do reports from Cillis, who calls Bay-side's "very balanced, upright, responsible Christian" and leads their "solid faith." Qualified as a high-school teacher, Cillis educates her four daughters at home to protect them from harmful influences and says she professed initial skepticism toward the Bay-side story. Ultimately it was Loken's steadfastness in the face of suspicion that convinced her of the vision's authenticity. Now equally unswerving,

Cillis argues that the ongoing controversy "is the pattern" of Lourdes and other visions, which originally aroused official ire. And she insists that the battle against liberalization must be waged "for in a year's time all traditional Catholics will be locked out of their churches." The holy war may strike Catholic officials as little more than a nuisance, but to Bay-side the mission seems pressing and clear: to bring the whole church to its knees.

With photos from Cillis in Lourdes

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says he has witnessed similar successes. "It is a highly potent technique that is applicable to reports of some other forms of psychotherapies." In nearly 20 years of experimental use—and every case is well documented on videotape—only 36 out of 173 of Davidson's patients failed to achieve a breakthrough.

Davidson is not alone. Many psychoanalysts in the United States, among them Dr. Judd Marmor at the University of Southern California and Dr. Janet Mann at Boston University, have developed similar therapies. At the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry in Toronto, Dr.



Davidson (in white lab coat) and his colleagues achieved better client change, not just symptom removal.

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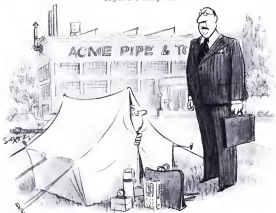
Rita Marshall has been researching brief therapy for two years. The study, modelled on the time-limited method of Dr. David Mahan of the Toronto Clinic in London, is already revealing promising yet provocative data. Of 35 patients treated with 20 sessions, only two wished to continue. Notes Marshall: "When patients feel shocked and are responsive to the techniques, they do well." The director of the study, Dr. Gordon Wrenne, admits having difficulty with the time limit at first: "As analysts, we are accustomed to long-term therapy—otherwise we feel we are depriving our patients." But now then, he has had some surprises. "Many patients have done better than I previously imagined."

Many orthodox therapists will concede the validity of short-term intervention. Says William Barker, director of the psychological services branch at Calgary's Police Service: "If a client refuses he is not perfect and can live with that, then short-term can correct the trip-up." But others warn that it cannot provide the same lasting results as long-term therapy. Glenisne, Claud Morin, a Toronto practitioner trained at the International Transpersonal Analysis Association in San Francisco:

"I have found that my clients will go as far as they will go and then dump up real basic issues ten years down the road." As for Freud, he viewed quick treatments with caution, replied: "The measure of setting time limits is effective, provided that one adds the right time at which to employ it," he once wrote. "But it cannot be held to measure the perfect assessment of the task of psychoanalysis."

Nevertheless, brief therapy seems well entrenched in a society where fast relief is the order of the day. Says University of Toronto's Thakachian: "We can no longer afford to debate the pros and cons. Given our economy, we must be able to facilitate change with the least amount of cost on a time." ◇

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# A renegade doctor with a cancer cure

By Doug Firby

When a single medical checkup two years ago revealed cancerous tumors in John Rosenblat's lungs, the Vancouver doctors informed his sons their father would live no more than eight weeks. Refusing to accept the diagnosis, they began a search for an alternative cancer therapy. The quest led to Dr. Stanislaw Burzynski, the only clinic in Houston, Tex. Within a month of the first prescribed injection in January, 1986, Rosenblat improved markedly. X-rays showed no traces of tumors, none have been found since, and he has steadily regained his weight, from 125 lb. to 195 today. "I'm 55 but I feel like I'm 30 years old," he says.

Burzynski's treatment is as controversial as it is extraordinary. But, unlike other touted cancer cures, his treatment is difficult for the medical establishment to ignore. It is backed by 11 years



Burzynski: His treatment is backed up by years of research

of research and has reported medical cures. While working at Houston's prestigious Baylor College of Medicine in 1969, Burzynski discovered that peptides—chains of two or more of the body's amino acids—inhibited the growth of cancerous cells. He came to believe that by isolating the appropriate peptides from urine secreted from healthy humans, he could inject massive doses of them into the bloodstream and stop, or even reverse, the relentless advance of the disease. Since opening his clinic in 1977, he has treated 280 patients by that method (including 14 Canadians). Although many have left his clinic unable, critics charge he has little data to prove his claims. But later this year, when Burzynski's first successful case crosses the critical five-year remission line—the point at which a patient is pronounced cured—the doctor's published results may persuade the critical cancer research community to change its mind.



Rosenblat: A former victim of terminal lung cancer, today he is completely healthy

According to Burzynski, the body has its own defense mechanisms which, when environmental factors interfere, break down in those who develop cancer. Without this natural mediator, he says, cells grow uncontrollably. But he believes that the peptide he has isolated, and dubbed "antineoplasmin,"

stops cell growth mediators. Rather than wiping out billions of cells in a broad path of destruction as conventional therapy does, the peptides attack only the cancer cells and actually restore them to their normal state. Consequently, the antineoplasmin produces none of the cruel side effects of other therapies, such as severe nausea and hair loss. While large doses of antineoplasmin can reduce a fever and slight nausea, most patients report relief from pain within a week.

Burzynski says that specific peptide "fractions," or combinations, control different kinds of cancer. Even though lung tumors did not respond to his treatment at first, a new combination has improved results greatly. Another new strain of antineoplasmin, he claims, has achieved a stunning 46-percent rate of total remission for cancer of the colon. So far, he has most successfully controlled bladder, breast, prostate and bone cancers.

There have, however, been failures. For the most part, Hodgkin's disease and ovarian cancer do not respond well to the treatment. Although Burzynski believes that the antineoplasmin will work as non-invasive types of cancer, he notes the right peptide fraction

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And through our extensive film lending library, the I.A.P.A.'s safety message is going out to interested community and social groups.

**FACT #5**  
Research and development. The I.A.P.A. has a Research and Development Department to conduct planning surveys, evaluate program effectiveness and provide data that will help identify current and future problems. All of which can assist in the identification and control of accidents.

Those are the facts. Additional information and details are available from your employer, safety committee member or writer. Department P.



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1989—so far he has isolated 119—has notes that his treatment has been least effective on the types of cancers that chemists have cured, such as leukemia. More discouraging is the fact that none came to the clinic too late. Of the 14 Canadians referred, three died before Burzynski could establish a course of treatment, and three more died from complications associated with the extensive administration of their disease.

His treatment costs a mandatory down-payment as well. With injections costing \$150 per day, patients have found that the treatment and associated expenses can run \$20,000 or more. Remissions equal close to \$25,000.

Moreover, Burzynski's work has met with skepticism among doctors, all too aware of quacks ready to exploit the desperation of the. The Harris County Medical Society in Houston launched an investigation into the ethics of his practice and then dropped it—suddenly and without explanation. Burzynski's peers, most of whom are working in conventional fields, have watched him slip sideways to his work that to their own and shifted the oncologist's work done on the priority list for grants.

But the unusual nature of the doctor's work is not his only source of problems. He shocked the establishment by striking out on his own before thorough animal tests on his treatment were completed. Hospitals have established by refusing to admit Burzynski's patients unless they stop their treatment. Currently neutral, however, is the American Cancer Society Inc., whose assistant vice-president, Dr. Constan Wood, claims to be "neutral" about Burzynski's work.

Now Burzynski is testing the temperature of Canadian waters. He came to Windsor last month to explain his treatment to oncologists at the Metroplex Hospital and to ask them to conduct independent clinical tests. There to help accumulate much-needed specific data on side-effects. They promised to evaluate his work seriously, but would not speculate as to the likelihood of doing clinical studies. Meanwhile, Dr. Robert Macbeth, executive vice-president of the National Cancer Institute of Canada, says that he has read some of Burzynski's articles and finds the claims interesting. Still, he adds, they are "not convincing as themselves." He admits that testing takes time, but contends that extensive laboratory research is necessary to prevent "another thalidomide." He also cautions Burzynski's high profile marketed by hand-will tactics with the media. "To talk to press is to give people the wrong idea," he says, "to play the last terrible line." But when Burzynski comes to Toronto next month, the growing debate on his work may make a last little responsible.

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## Sex and sensitivity

IT IS ALWAYS SUMMER  
by David Helwig  
(General, \$15.95)

TO many, summer is the season of justice. To Jane Barrett, the heroine of David Helwig's latest novel, it is the season of sanity. Every day her husband, Wayne, leaves their Wolfe Island cottage for his law practice in the old capital city of Kingston, Ont., and every day, bereft, insouciant Jane stretches out on the sun-baked beach while her young son, Tod, paddles in the shallows. Her skin seems to drink in a sense of eternal plenitude. "Each morning fit like the cast reproduction of every other summer morning back to early childhood, the same birds, the same clean smell. Every winter was different, but every summer was the same." Such a life might well bore some, but Jane is an earth mother, never more content than when in lockstep with the rhythms of the ages: reading, brooding, making love, making babies. No career angst or existential blues here. She and athletes, athletes Wayne are part of the

possessing a natural health and happiness of the race.

But life seems enviable. Enter the dark angel, Elizabeth, beautiful, sensitive Elizabeth, who is not only an old flame of Wayne's but a poetess with a low-string sensibility. A more polar opposite to Jane would be difficult to imagine. Indeed it becomes evident that Helwig, with his Harlequin-romance training, is setting out his terms for an intellectual debate. Elizabeth is spirit to Jane's flesh, and they are about to do battle for the soul of Everyman, the just, unsexpensive Wayne.

Helwig's handling of this odd triangle is for the most part excellent. He generally manages to hide the bare bones of his morality play under convincing characterizations. Jane may be a bit monochromatic as earth woman, but sensitive Elizabeth is a dazzling mystery. Though revolved by physical contact (she has recently taken up ecstasy), she takes no pains to avoid offending Wayne, and hovers around his wife with a vengeful ferocity that makes Jane want to scream. Helwig manages to



Helwig, a fine, complex fictional offering

sympathize equally with all the parties in this conflict, and so avoids the dangers that beset so much contemporary writing about the same.

*It Is Always Summer* also contains a handful of richly drawn secondary characters, including the tragic Robert, another of Elizabeth's former lovers. Al-

though Robert is working to the knowledge that a life of bonded relationships with women has destroyed his soul. He is seeking into a dry, hellish isolation, plodding mechanically through his days without joy or even interest. "When he read Elizabeth's poems in the books she always and dutifully sent from England, he couldn't understand how she could bring herself to put words on the page. What made her believe in their importance?" Elizabeth is Robert's last chance for happiness, and when he senses it, his final decline is rapid and appalling.

This is the third of Helwig's novels to be set in Kingston, and it is the most complete and mature of the first it may even turn out to be one of the best fictional offerings of 1982. Yet, in the creation of one secondary character—an unemployed bride named Carl—Helwig very neatly outdoes his own achievement. Carl, who bears a grudge against Wayne for acting as he did of his wife in a legal separation, lurches around the Barrett cottage, flustered by the sight of Jane and Elizabeth is their bathing suits. This is supposed to be suspenseful, but Carl is credible and unsympathetically drawn, a black-and-white caricature superimposed on a delicate watercolor. The novel would have been more thoroughly credible without his grotesque presence. And in Carl is responsible for one of the two deaths that close out the tale, and that is one death too many. To end this slim, graceful novel not just with a mooring sadness, but also with Carl's obscene and violent attack is like looking on an outrageous Breton-style cadenza in a Chagall studio. It is all just a bit too much.

—JOHN BROWNE

## The tall tales of a hearthside saga

PELAGIE: THE RETURN TO A HIGHLAND  
by Antonine Maillet  
(Macmillan, \$17.95)

WHEN the waterlogging Acadian group of Antonine Maillet's one-woman play, *Les Sapeuses*, hit Toronto in 1978, she took the city by storm. It was a subtle revenge for Maillet and her beloved Acadia. Descendants of the thousands brutally banished out of the Great Disruption of 1759 Now, with the translation of her novel *Pelagie: The Return to a Mountain* first published in French as *Pelagie en Charrette* in 1979 and awarded the prestigious Prix Goncourt in the same year Maillet delivers the victory complete. "I have avenged my ancestors."

But vengeance often backfires. Through Maillet's mythopoeic history



Maillet: casual adversary of happy genres

of Acadia pays tribute to the shy humor, irony and pride of her people, it fails, as a novel, to create flesh-and-blood characters we care about. Told as a hearthside saga, *Pelagie* follows a cascade of Acadians on a 10-year sojourn northwards, clinging like *Les Sapeuses* to the Bay of Fundy with a majestic restraint. Pelagie, at the helm. After 15 years of *destitute exile* in southern swamplands, she launches this personal exodus back to the homeland, carrying her children, a crusty storyteller and a disheveled middle-aged man in a single out, along the way disciples from other deported families join, eager to swap exile for the dream of an Acadian paradise regained. At the same time, rising up and down the coast, ferrying Acadians to Louisiana and Grandpré, in *Reunion*, the bold sea captain whose presence Pelagie forewarns until she reaches the promised land.

Maillet's characters, but for the odd flash of poignance, are stripped of emotional complexity and fall into the stereotypes of the happy genre. The British, who ordered the Acadians into exile, are the villains; the last tribe left only shadows those with curses, witty proverbs and obscure songs. If Maillet intends to enable her people by depressing them of anything other than a smug pride or a ripple of family jealousy, in the long run she depresses them of being people at all. The characters remain monuments to isolation, vision, suffering, compassion, but rarely muddy their boots with complex realities.

Popular fiction, one without a shab-

ble characteristic and clichéd style of the post-war genre and with a life of its own. However, Maillet has chosen to sacrifice credibility for a story larger than life, and it is thereby impossible to have an entire novel on a string of tall tales. By idealizing her characters with a rush of improbable events, Maillet tries to give them, and the Acadia culture they embody, better status. For instance, the entire creation breaks out of prison after kidnapping the guards with an Acadian fistfight and an imminent lullaby in a prodigious Acadian odyssey. But a novel is more than a fairy tale, and unless the wondrous with mountains near true magical realism—as they do in the present of tall tales, the Odyssey—the reader soon tires of coincidence and improbability. Only once do we feel the awesome truth behind a tale the haunting image of a pirate's fiery head floating on the water later proves to be a projected part for the burning death of an English sea captain.

At such rare moments, the full weight of Maillet's skill as a novelist is felt, but too often the styles become as false, postmodern as the facts. Pelagie reaches Acadia, we should feel great sympathy was her crusade a stroke of genius or a chase after a nostalgic dream? Unfortunately, we have had more than enough of Acadia before we ever reach the place.

—CATHERINE JACKSON

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### Fiction

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- 2 *An Inheritor Obscured* (McClelland)
- 3 *The Best New Humankind* (Farrar)
- 4 *The Tenth Muse* (Macmillan)
- 5 *South Island* (Macmillan)
- 6 *Time* (Farrar)
- 7 *The Rebel Angels* (McClelland)
- 8 *Out of the Earth* (Macmillan)
- 9 *From the Heart* (Macmillan)
- 10 *The Deer* (Macmillan)

### Non-fiction

- 1 *The Archipelago* (Macmillan)
- 2 *Across the Border* (Macmillan)
- 3 *Consequences* (Macmillan)
- 4 *The Lord God Made Them All* (Macmillan)
- 5 *Men of Property* (Macmillan)
- 6 *The Art of Robert Dumas* (Macmillan)
- 7 *The New Canadian Real Estate Investment Guide* (Macmillan)
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## Reach for the topical



Miffenau, Collins: a well-watched, lampshade missing on a difficult problem

FOR THE RECORD  
CBS, Feb. 25—April 4

**T**elevising is both a blessing and a bane for television. Since the time from concept to telecast can be much shorter than for movies, television appears better bricked and more up-to-date. But the responsiveness of the medium encourages clarity or cynicism, as of late; all too often (as in the shock *Los Gatos*) the mere act of raising an issue is assumed to be tantamount to solving it, in other cases, solutions are so subtly simplified that what purports to be an investigation is little more than a case of special pleading. In contrast to this frequent shortcoming, the CBS's *For the Record* series tends to do justice to the problem at hand.

As the best of a new crop of episodes, *By Reason of Necessity* (March 7) displays graceworthy equilibrium directed by Don Roosch, it's a well-crafted counterpoint drama as well as a transparent meaning on a difficult problem. A woodchuck, called young man (John Miffenau) sits a stranger's threat in a crowded parking lot. When he's apprehended, the jury are drawn. Prosecution wants a straight first-degree murder charge, defense (with good reason) tries for an insanity plea, and the jury has to decide of the accused. "Apprehended" the nature of his act. *By Reason of Necessity* questions the nar-

Lambert: the editorial judgment is actually admirable



delves into the real issue: what is the insanity appeal that gives these salivary secretors out and profitable self-will? A 30-year-old upper-middle-class housewife (Rosemary Dunmore), neglected by her workaholic husband (Allen Royal), falls into a fundamentalist group, led by a self-proclaimed (Keith Lambert). The issue is subtle in suggesting the vacuum of suburban life that religion comes to fill, and in depicting the savage rift within a household that results when one partner embraces an alien faith.

Not all the new episodes succeed quite as handsomely. An *Unbearable Member* (Feb. 28) boasts a delightfully funny performance by Patsy Kensit as a book-bender threat into a cabaret post she doesn't quite understand. Her starchy, professional smiles are schooled only in semiotics and labeled photographs, the quietly malicious script by Ray MacGregor shows the ridiculous book-stabbing and homicidal idylls of Ottawa's world. The honorable member, however, is bulldozed into an ethical dilemma all too quickly, and, as a somewhat contrived ending, sells out at bargain-basement prices.

Paul Carl (March 14) takes us the nightmare of revolving credit but ups the ante so high that the wretched reality of getting in over one's head became paraded. A divorced photographer (Chuck Shustler) receives his first credit card and, in what seems to be the course of a long weekend, goes \$10,000 into debt. The plastic rectangles are treated as though they were an addict's hypodermic needles, but never in the question of the availability of credit mentioned—the unbridled card, the uncutlery comes on, the pervasive suspicion in hotels and restaurants of mere cash. This cardholder is presented as a footloose fool, not the victim of an economy based largely on premises.

Weakest of the teleplays is *Brooklyn Blues* (March 23), starring Jennifer Jason (daughter of film director Norman) as a teenager undergoing stressful times at home and at school. The situation is so typical, and the young girl's angst is so universal that it's hard to pinpoint just what the problem is. Potemkin delicacy, perhaps. *Brooklyn Blues* is a case where refusing to pose simple questions and supply glib answers works against itself, there's no texture whatsoever. But one failure doesn't compromise the abiding promise of the *For the Record* series. By eschewing the cardboard outposts of bettered melodramas, it addresses issues with an unblinking realism that is salutary.

—RUI MACNEIL

## FILMS

### Bond on the run



Hemphrey (left), Connolly: the competition is both athletic and sexual

#### PERSONAL BEST

Directed by Robert Towne

**A** single forward in the portrayal of gay relationships on the screen, *Personal Best* is a much more interesting phenomenon than a movie. The two female athletes seem natural and normal; they don't look possible-bound or speak in haltingly gawky. Having these two wholesome, attractive, talented women make love to each other is a stunning political move, since female homosexuality has always been easier for the public to accept than male. And the argument is a subtle one: because *Personal Best* is primarily a sports movie about achievement—physical and emotional—and the decrement it takes to balance the two.

The competition in *Personal Best* is both athletic and sexual, creating an extra degree of tension. Tracy (Patricia Connolly), a pentathlete ace and hopeful for the 1980 Moscow Olympics, is attracted to Chris (Marek Hemphrey), first as an athlete, then as a woman. She sees the pentathlon lurking in Chris and does her damndest to win over her own recalcitrant coach (Scott Glenn) to get Chris on the team. As Chris becomes a pentathlete contender for Moscow, the sexual relationship diminishes. Each woman is faced with the moral dilemma of winning over the other, and the movie heads toward a final, intelligent statement about what "per-

sonal best" should really mean.

A screenwriter of no mean achievement (Clint Eastwood, Shogakukan), Robert Towne, in his directorial debut, captures the painful conflict of lovers competing both inside and outside the bedroom, every word of dialogue rings true. But the movie character doesn't have broad enough shoulders to hold up the weight of the movie. As written by Towne and played by Marek Hemphrey, Chris is an enormous soap. How Tracy, a strong character created by an assured actress, could be so maneuvered by her for so long is bogglesome. Tracy

overpowers Chris in every sense, and it throws the movie a way out of which.

Nor should Towne have directed his own script; he shows little sense of how to shape his scenes into a final narrative. He posits a slow-motion sequence of athletic stunts, which, after *Chariots of Fire*, have become the most shopworn poetry money can buy. Visually, *Personal Best* looks like it was shot through a sweating lens, appropriate, but not exactly effective. The raw material in this movie is terrific; it just needed a better coach.

—LAWRENCE UPTON

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## The lights are on but nobody's home

MAKING LOVE  
Directed by Arthur Hiller

Arthur Hiller, who directed *Love Story* 12 years ago, when we were young and foolish, has now turned his talents to *Gay Story*, otherwise known as *Making Love*. An effective and often humorous wedge, *Making Love* gives us, now that we're older and foolish, a situation more than a plot—a triangle, albeit an isosceles one. Claire (Kate Jackson) is a crankyjack ideologically committed, heavily married to Zack (Michael Ontkean), a concerned physician. They have just bought a new house and frisk around like puppies in it. But just after Mr and Mrs. Hand have built their dream house, Mr. Hand gets a medical emergency and eventually fleaves in the towel to take up with a smart-mouthed novelist named Ruth (Harry Hamlin). Suddenly there's trouble in paradise.

Zack tells Claire, "Claire goes off her head." Back to the Bar! But, instead of any relationship lasting more than 24 hours, drama. Poor Zack. It serves him right, though he's being enough to bring tears to the eyes. He and Marci

Montgomery should go out on a date. Nonetheless, his personality matches the look of the movie, which is decidedly antiseptic. *Making Love* looks lived in, including the furniture, which look like they were scrubbed in Joan Crawford's bathroom.

As for the treatment of the gay theme, *Making Love* keeps the hysteria to a minimum, yet the subject is treated with too much caution. Montegary, whether straight or gay, motivates the movie-maker's decisions, the single life, as represented by Bart, seems as appealing as a life sentence as Devil's Island. The moral of *Making Love* might well be that when Dick and Jane play house, they should watch out for little boys.

—LUT

## The magic of ancient strings

THE LOVERS' STRIKE  
Directed by Marty Gross

You must be willing to surrender to confusion in the opening moments of *The Lovers' Strike*, as the classical elements of the *Burlesque* Puppet Theatre sort themselves out on film for the first time. The dislocations you experience will be double those of a

literal traveler, for you will not only be testing another culture but also traveling in time. *The Burlesque* is one of those arts declared an Intangible Cultural Property by the Japanese government, its ritual and format unchanged since its beginnings about 300 years ago in Osaka. In 1979, Toronto director-producer Marty Gross filmed a performance, the results of his labor of love went into Canadian distribution this month.

As the title credits roll, a musician makes his late-life manner well, beside him a narrow sits in black batwing uniform chanting the opening movements of the story. The subtitles are hard to find amongst the credits in a jumble of white on black. And for at least the first half-hour the story of *The Lovers' Strike* is lost to you, because all you can watch are three very visible animators for each puppet. The master, his face more a mask than the instrument, and his pawns, manipulate the head and the right arm. His two assistants, hooded in black with only the occasional finger showing, handle the left arm and the puppet's feet. They still overestimate the puppet's beauty—white faces, carved chop hair, layers of bright pink robes in styles out of 17th-century Japanese prints. The puppeteers have mastered such a graceful vocabulary of gestures for their almost-



YUKIYUKI HIRAYAMA  
Performer and Puppets, Burlesque



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# Has it come to this, Davie?

By Allan Fotheringham

It is a classic rule of the newspaper business that one should never write the headline as one's own staff. Too close to the subject. In 1987, year eight did a full-page takeout on E. Davie Fulton, then about to try once again for the Tory leadership, and asked a colleague to title it. It died on DAVE FULTON THE MAGNIFICENT FAILURE. Three weeks later the former justice minister of Canada, former B.C. Supreme Court judge, is spending his time in jail, in the Macleod Community Correctional Centre in Vancouver, sharing his time with bad-theory artists and petty burglars. It is in the most tragic story in Canadian politics.

E. Davie Fulton was always destined for the top. His grandfather, A.E.B. Davis, was British Columbia's eighth premier. His great-uncle was B.C.'s 10th premier and later chief justice. Another uncle was speaker of the B.C. legislature. His father was a B.C. attorney general and later an MP in the Borden government. The tall redhead from Kelowna was B.C.'s 1987 Rhodes Scholar and then a judge with the Seattle Highlanders in the Italian campaign when he received a letter in 1984 from a prominent Kamloops Tory.

It asked him if he would allow his name to stand for nomination as Conservative candidate and installed, "We hope you will consider this seriously because, as a matter of fact, we nominated you at the meeting last night." He was allowed home on leave to campaign, whirled around the riding in his left and squeaked into the traditionally Liberal seat by 177 votes.

When he entered the Commons, still full of the youthful arrogance of the Oxford Union and the fire of war, he created a sensation with his maiden speech. He became the first English-speaking Tory to deliver some of the speech in French and, granting the "naïve" traditions of the occasion, attacked the prime minister so vigorously that he was interrupted 11 times by angry cabinet ministers. An impressed Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

Maclean King leaned to his seatmate and whispered, "That young man will lead the Tories some day."

He founded on the craggy rocks of John Diefenbaker's jealousy. Before 1989 they had been quite close. Fulton regarded somewhat of a Dief protégé. Twice he flew to Prince Albert to deliver Dief's French speeches. When Diefenbaker's first wife died, it was Fulton who was sent by the Conservative party branch to accompany the prime minister on the lonely train ride back to Ottawa.



His son was running against Dief in the 1968 leadership race, and the obviously suspicious man from Prince Albert decided he had to eat down this clever, eloquent old man, the growing reputation Fulton had with French under the moon-bear tutoring of an MP by the name of Jean Lesage. He had a businesslike eye for talent, attracting to Ottawa such aids as Marc Lévesque and Michael Pithblat. But Dief made him the most in the latter's "strike" in Newfoundland and handed him justice minister the hardening direction to Public Works.

A generalist Fulton decided to burnish his reputation back in B.C. while the obviously doomed Dief regime slipped beneath the waves. He accepted the 1983 offer of well-heeled Tory businessmen who set up the "Fraser Trust," to guarantee him \$30,000 a year for five years to revive the moribund B.C. Conservative party. The candidate, for the Fraser Trust, was for Fulton, with his

renowned debating skills, to put into the B.C. house in the first available by-election. An early opening in the little Rocky Mountain riding of Columbia, where an unknown Conservative had finished a second round, provided the perfect opening for the ostensible House of Commons star to demonstrate his parliamentary skills up against the wealth of W.A.C. Bennett. The strategists of the Fraser Trust pressed Fulton to run. He refused, his pride and family traditions insisting that he run in Kamloops against the disreputable "Philly" troops against the disreputable "Philly" troops.

Phil Goodrich. He was wounded, of course, the Tory revival was finished before it began, and the Fraser Trust never forgave.

Dave Fulton, 32 years seeking the top, failed again before Robert Stanfield in 1985, running up enormous debts. His law practice slipped. Putting up outside Christmas lights at his home, he fell off a ladder, broke his leg, developed gangrene, and almost died. He was appointed to the B.C. Supreme Court in 1978. This came the first impaired driving conviction. Then prostitute Wendy King, who brought down B.C. Chief Justice John Parnis, alleged in her book that

Fulton was another customer. An innocent Fulton, grabbed by the publicity and the court critics he had to endure before the case of mistaken identity was admitted, went back to the bench and a second driving charge. He resigned from the bench—before it was revealed that the case in Wendy King's apartment in fact had been David Rogers, an old Kamloops lawyer colleague who had not come forward to protect Fulton's name.

The broken man, a confused alcoholic, now serves his 14-day jail sentence in Room 4 of the Vancouver correctional centre, a sparsely furnished, spartan youth hostel-style old mansion where he must share the chores—washing dishes, helping the cook, serving other prisoners or cleaning floors.

B.C. has never provided a Canadian prime minister, and E. Davie Fulton had a chance perhaps better than any. The political process broke his vast promise and, certainly, him. He is 65.





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